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Lancelot of the Laik

FROM

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EDITED BY

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IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

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The Scottish Text Society

Lancelot of the Laik

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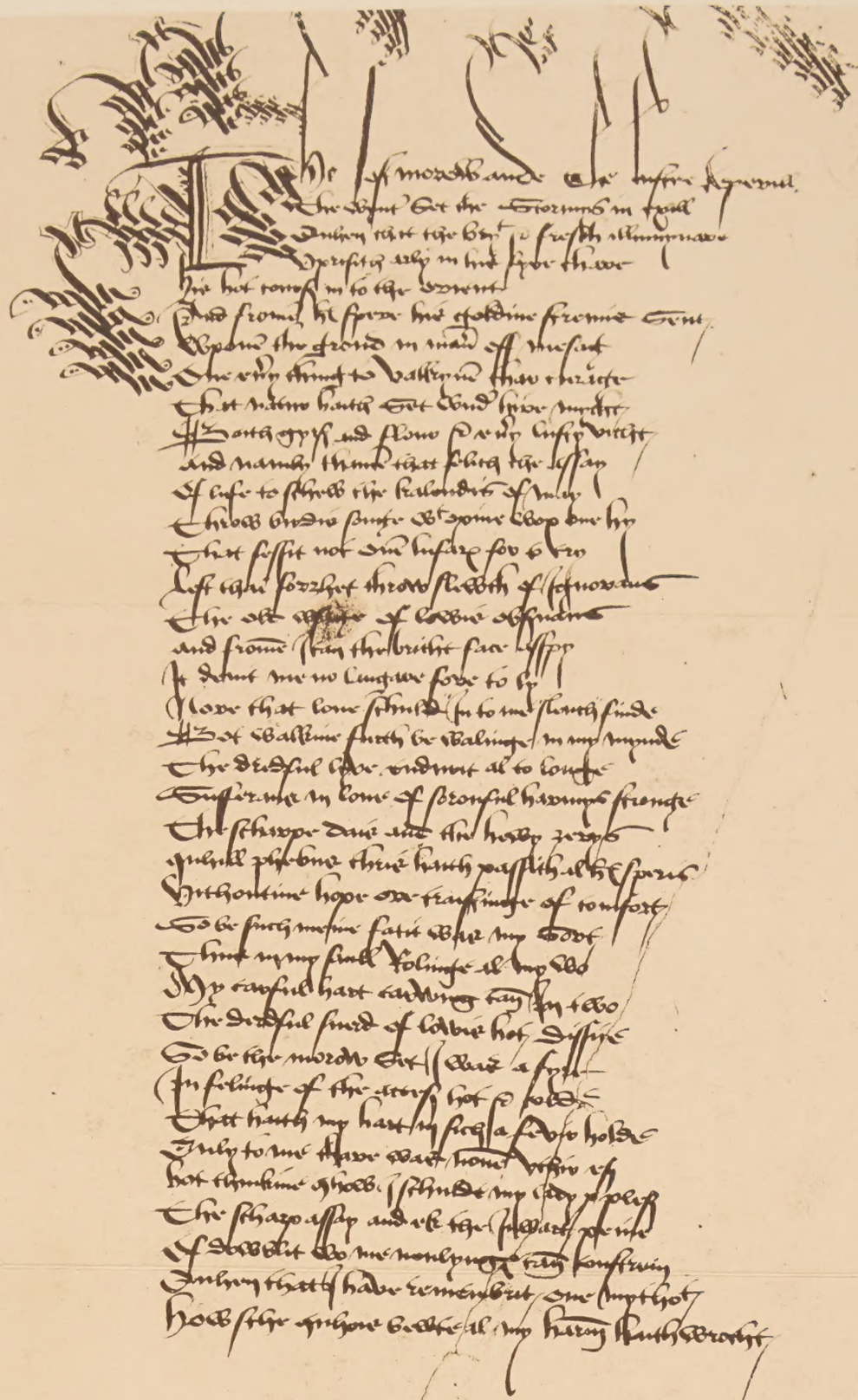

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ERRATA.

L. 103. No stop after *so*.
L. 137. Comma after *vrit* instead of full stop.
L. 518. *wordly* should be *worldly*.
L. 647. *fall* should be *fall*.
L. 2068. *lift* should be *lift*.

INTRODUCTION.

THE present text, known as the 'Lancelot of the Laik, is an incomplete poem of over 3000 lines, preserved in a single MS. in the Cambridge University Library. The author is unknown, the exact date conjectural. The source of the poem is the French prose romance of 'Lancelot du Lac,' and the translation furnishes evidence that it is the work of a Scottish writer with an ambition to write English. The poem has been edited twice, first in 1839, by Joseph Stevenson for the Maitland Club, and again in 1865, by Professor Skeat for the E. E. T. Society. The present edition is based on a new transcript from the MS., and the editor has refrained from accepting anything from previous editions until confirmed by independent authorities or individual research.[1]

THE MS.

The text is one of the pieces contained in MS. KK. 1. 5. in the Cambridge University Library. The pieces in the volume are of various dates, and in subject have

[1] The work was originally undertaken, and in part carried out, for a Carnegie Research Scholarship.

no connection with one another, varying from extracts from the laws of King David of Scotland to a portion of Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia.' The various pieces have been separated, and the 'Lancelot' is now KK. 1. 5. No. 7. At the beginning of the original complete volume is a list of contents, in a hand of the seventeenth century probably, and in it the poem is thus given, "No. 7 an English poem"; nowhere in the MS. is the title 'Lancelot of the Laik' applied to the text.

Several of the pieces in the MS. are in the same hand as the 'Lancelot'; these have been edited for the E. E. T. Society by J. R. Lumby, in 1870.

These are, in order:—

A prose piece without title usually known as the 'Craft of Deyng.' It begins—

"Sen the pasage of this vrechit warlde . . ."

and ends—

. . . "God grant us al to do for his mekill mercy. Amen. explicit &c."

Next a number of short poems, one after another, without any definite separation.

First the short piece, beginning—

"Do way fore that may not availȝhe."

Then a version of Chaucer's ballad, beginning—

"Fle fra the pres . . ."

ending—

"And treuthe the sall delivyr that is no dreid."

Then two verses of the "Ballad of Good Counsel," beginning—

"Sen trew vertew encreſ∂ dignytee,"

ending—

"For ilk ynch he wyll the quyt a spane."

Then lines beginning—

"Sen in waist natur na thinge mais,"

ending—

"That may excuſ∂ hyme fra lawbor."

All these are without any ascription of authorship of any kind.

Then a prose piece beginning—

"[K]yng Salomone sais . . ."

ending—

. . . "and then sal al thys warld tempe*r*all take end.
Expliciunt dicta Salomonis.
per manum V. de F. &c."

Then the moral poems.

The prologue to the first begins—

"[M]y dere sone wnderstande this buk."

The poem begins—

"Forethi my suet sone procur grace."

In the epilogue occurs the title—

"The Quhilk is Ratis Raving Cald."

The next poem begins—

"Sen vysmen that before our dawis,"

ends—

"Explicit the foly of fulys and the thewis of wysmen."

Next—

"And syne here efter folowis ye Counsail and teiching at the wyß man gaif his sone.
[Q]whay takes plesans in 3outhage,"

ends—

"Al this the wysman taught his sone
And bad hyme at it suld be done.
explicit."

The next poem is the only one which has a title, it is headed,

"THE THEWIS OF GUDWOMEN."

And begins—

"The gud wyf shawis fore best scho can
Quhilkes ar the thewis of gud women,"

ends—

"Amen, amen fore cherytee.
Explicit liber moralis secundum dicta
antiquorum patrum &c. &c. Amen."

Then follows a prose piece—

"[H]er begynnis the vertewis of the meß . . ."

ends—

. . . "or vthir ways haldin thar fra."

Then follows a page with some careless scribblings of the scribe, and next the 'Lancelot,' without a title. It is written on 42 leaves, and breaks off at the foot of the 42nd, the rest of the leaves being missing, probably amounting to a third of the whole. This is the end of the writing of the scribe.

Next in the MS. follows a page covered with desultory scribblings, one of which is a verse of a lyric, beginning—

"My luf mornis for me for me, my luf mornis for me,"

and on the next page follows an extract from the laws of David of Scotland.

The handwriting of V. de F. is close and fairly clear, and of that type common in Scottish MSS. of the latter part of the fifteenth and the early part of the sixteenth century. It closely resembles the writing of such MSS. as that which contains Henry's 'Wallace' and the 'Bruce,' and the MS. of Douglas's translation of the 'Æneid' in Trinity College Library, Cambridge, also the writing of the 'Quare of Jelusy,' in the same volume as the 'Kingis Quair' in the Bodleian. The illumination is very poor and only partially completed, the spaces for illuminated letters being left vacant or having a small letter inserted as a guide. Such missing letters are marked in the printed text by square brackets. The contractions used are those common to all MSS. of a similar type (cp. the list of contractions given by Professor Skeat in his Introduction of the 'Kingis Quair,' S. T. S.). It should be noted, however, that the scribe makes no distinction between the symbol ſs which stands for *s*, *ss*, or even *sis*, and the symbol which stands for *ser* as in *observans* (see facsimile of first page) and *service*. This same carelessness is seen in the writing of the 'Kingis Quair' and the 'Quare of Jelusy.' A similar carelessness is observable in the formation of *s* (long) and *f*, which are frequently only to be distinguished by the context; this is especially noticeable before *o* and *a*, and becomes of importance in discussing the linguistic peculiarities. The small *i* placed above the line (to signify that *i*+*another letter* must be inserted) is sometimes so formed as to resemble the contraction for *er*. Of the other letters *c* and *t* cause some difficulty—*e.g.*, it is impossible to decide whether

wichsaif or *withsaif* is the spelling of the scribe, while *o* and *a* and *o* and *e* occasionally cause confusion. In the MS. all the lines do not begin with capitals, but there does not seem to be any system in their employment, save perhaps that when *and* begins a line the letter is usually small.

In the printed text letters in italics represent expanded contractions; words or letters in square brackets are not in the MS. and are supplied by the editor, as is also the punctuation (including hyphens in divided words).

This scribe, V. de F., can be cleared of all suspicion of tampering with the language of his original by comparing the 'Lancelot' with the other pieces in his hand. In them he has preserved intact the unmodified Scottish, and none of the peculiarities of this text are reproduced. In the somewhat hazy composition and grammar of the poem, especially of the prologue, the scribe seems to have been at a loss as to *his* and *hir*, and at least twice seems to have been misled, and corrected the mistake himself; there still seems to remain at least one mistake of the same kind in the prologue uncorrected, in l. 98. While in line 2396 if '*his* thocht' be read instead of '*hir* thocht' the meaning is improved, and it becomes possible to read *fayndit* as the ordinary Northern word with the meaning "proved," or "tried to find out," instead of as a curious form of "feigned."

SOURCE.

The poem is a translation of a portion of the great French prose romance of 'Lancelot du Lac,' a portion consisting of from five to seven chapters of the printed versions, according to the edition. It is the only version in our language which treats of the first section of the 'Lancelot,' of which Malory seems to have had no knowledge, he ignores it so completely. The translation deals with the wars between Arthur and Galiot, Lancelot's prowess therein, and his devotion to Guinevere. It should be remarked, however, that these wars between Arthur and Galiot, although belonging to the early part of the prose 'Lancelot,' are really a late addition to the Lancelot story, and unknown to it in the original verse form. The poem is only a part; had the whole of it been preserved it would probably have concluded with the peace between Arthur and Galiot and the famous interview between Lancelot and the Queen, of which Professor W. P. Ker says "there is nothing in Malory corresponding to the truth and dramatic sincerity of the first interview between Lancelot and the Queen." Perhaps it is fortunate that time has not preserved this writer's version, which could hardly have been anything but a travesty of the original scene. The story he has chosen hinges on Galiot's demand for homage and tribute from Arthur, and Arthur's rejection of the demand; and it may be noted that this demand for homage is a leading motive in all Scottish Arthurian poems, cp. the 'Morte Arthure,' 'Gawayne and Golagros,' and the 'Auntyrs of Arthur,' and suggests the possibility that we have here not a coincidence, but an

evidence of how far the ever present fear of the English demands for homage had become an obsession in the Scottish national mind. The most spirited lines in the poem are those in which Arthur rejects Galiot's demands—

> "Shir knycht, your lorde wondir hie pretendis,
> When he to me sic salutatioune sendis ;
> For I as yit, in tymys that ar gone,
> Held neuer lond excep of god alone,
> Nore neuer thinkith til erthly lord to yef
> Trybut nor rent, als long as I may lef."

These represent the French "biax sire je ne ting onques terre de nului fors de Dieu ne ja chestui ne la tendrai."

Amongst the versions of the French prose Lancelot which I have been able to examine, I have not found one which can be confidently accepted as the exact version from which the poem is translated. Of course it is difficult to judge when the translator expands his original as this one does, in the wise man's advice to King Arthur, in the descriptions of fighting, and in the defiant speeches of his heroes (for a similar expansion of fighting scenes, cp. Douglas in his translation of the 'Æneid'). The descriptions of nature at the beginning of the different books are also original; they bear a strong resemblance to the similar descriptions at the beginning of the books of Henry's 'Wallace,' from which they were probably imitated. There are, however, certain definite points which can be compared. The versions I have examined are (1) the text edited by Dr Sommer from British Museum MSS. (chiefly Add. MS. 10293, but giving variations from Lansdowne 755, Royal 19, C XIII; Royal 19, B VII, and Royal 20, D III); (2) and (3) two editions in the Bodleian, printed in 1488 at

Rouen (Lostel de Gaillard); (4) an edition printed at Paris in 1533 (Phelippe le Noir); and (5) portions of the 1513 edition from which Professor Skeat prints extracts in his edition for the E. E. T. Society. Of these, Dr Sommer's text appears to be the nearest to the one used by the translator. Thus, in the interpretation of Arthur's dream, the translator says he shall receive succour through "the *watrye* lyon," a translation of the "lyons *iauages*" of this version, and of two of the versions collated with it. On the other hand, all four early printed texts mentioned above have "lyon *sauuaige*." Again, all the early printed texts have, in Galiot's message to Arthur, the statement that "il a conquis 30 reaumes mais il ne volt corunez devant ceo quil ait conquis le reaume de logres,"—this is not in the Add. text, nor is it in the Scottish translation. From a variety of data of this kind I have accepted Dr Sommer's text as the nearest to the translation, and have used it as a basis of comparison in the glossary. There are points which prove that it was not the actual source—*e.g.*, the Scottish translator does not seem to invent and insert names where his original had none, yet he gives the name of Arthur's wise adviser as Amytans, and there is no name in any of the French texts given above, which simply say "lors vint en lost du rois artus un homme de grant sauoir" (1488), or "un preudons plein de grant sauoir" (Add.); but in 'Lestoire de Merlin' this man is called Nascien, and it seems probable that in some of the many Lancelot MSS. the name Amytans may occur. On the other hand, there are points in the language of the Scottish translation which seem to show a connection with the

early printed versions, and this complicates the discussion of the language used by the translator and the degree of French influence. Thus at that point where the lady of Melyhalt and her cousin go to look at Lancelot in prison, the translator uses the word *incontinent*=immediately (l. 1214), but in the Add. (Dr Sommer's) text the word is *maintenant*, whereas the printed 1533 text gives *incontinent*, and probably the translator's source had this word also.

A similar resemblance is shown in the description of Galiot's host; the Scottish writer says (l. 731)—

> "For of fute folk he had a gret powere
> That bowis bur, and vther *Instrumentis*,
> And with them lede ther palzonis and ther tentis,
> With mony o strong chariot and cher
> With yrne qwhelis and barris long & sqwar."

Dr Sommer's text has "avoient aportes rois de fer qui venoient en cars et en caretes"; but the 1488 edition supplies the translator with the word instrumentis, "avoient amene des *instruments* de fer quilz menoient en chars et en charettes."

Again, when Lancelot mounts Galiot's horse and returns to the fight, the poem runs (l. 3422)—

> "And *als so fresch* unto the feld is gon
> As at no strokis he that day had ben,"

the Sommer text has "revient a la melle autresi com sil neust hui mais colp feru," the 1513 has no equivalent, but the 1488 editions agree with the translation in using the phrase *aussi frays*.

This word test can, of course, be used to confirm the connection between the translation and the Sommer text

—thus in l. 2100 we have in the translation *catifis* and in the Sommer text "proier pour les *chaitis*," while the 1533 has "proier pour tous poures *pecheurs*." I have dwelt on this point somewhat at length because it is of importance in discussing the French influence on the language of the writer, which, as will be shown later, seems to have been very moderate, consisting rather in suggesting the use of the French words of his source, if they were already adopted in his own tongue, than in introducing new words.

Of changes which the translator makes in familiarising the names there are not many, but the Aguisel or Aguisans of the original becomes Angus; at another point he says, obviously referring to Gawayne (l. 2692)—

"Of galowa the knycht goith to the erde,"

when there is no equivalent in his original, but in the oldest English and Scottish Gawayne legends that knight is always connected with Galloway. So, too, King Ban of Benoic, father of Lancelot, becomes Bane of Albanake, thus acquiring more interest by adopting the old name for Scotland, Albane. It is curious to note that "King Albanact" is a ruler in some of the legendary tales of Britain.

One curious little point calls for notice. In the MS., in describing the arrangement of the respective "batellis" of Arthur and Galiot, the scribe, in each case, when he comes to the fifth division, writes *first* instead, but in the 1533 edition, the commander of Arthur's first division is Yvain, and the commander of the 5th, a different Yvain, similarly Galiot's 1st and 5th commander have practically the same name. It may be a mere coincidence.

AUTHORSHIP AND LITERARY PARALLELS.

The author of the poem is unknown. The poem shows resemblances on the one hand to the type of poetry of the 'Kingis Quair' and on the other to that of Douglas and Dunbar. But the closest resemblance is shown to the poem known as the 'Quare of Jelusy,' which is found in same MS. as the 'Kingis Quair,' and Professor Skeat's conclusion (as contained in his article in 'The Scottish Historical Review,' October 1910) that they are the work of the same writer seems quite justified. To his arguments, based largely on parallel passages, I would add some evidence based on two marked idiosyncrasies of style or language which are capable of being shown in tabular form. One of these is the constant use of *which that* as the relative, the other, the continual recurrence of *into* = in. These features can be used at the same time as arguments against Professor Lawson's theory that the 'Kingis Quair' is also by the same writer, and since making these tests I find that Professor Skeat has used that of the use of "into" for this purpose in his recent revised edition of the 'Kingis Quair' for the Scottish Text Society.

The method of the test was to take 600 lines at random from the various poets selected, and find how often, if at all, these words were present. The No. 600 was chosen because the shortest of the poems, the 'Quare of Jelusy,' is 607 lines in length. But the whole of the 'Kingis Quair' was used (1379 lines), therefore in the other cases the number of times the word occurs would have to be doubled to get the just proportions.

	No. of lines tested.	No. of times "which that" occurs.	No. of times "into" = in.
Lancelot of the Laik (3 tests)	600	9	29
	600	6	28
	600	14	29
Quare of Jelusy	607	12	22
Kingis Quair (S. T. S.)	1379	0	0
Court of Love (E. E. T. S.)	600	1	0
Barbour (S. T. S.)	600	0	1
	600	0	6
Wyntoun, Cott. MS.	600	0	5
Henryson (S. T. S.)	600	0	3
Stewart (Cron. Scot.)	600	0	19
Dunbar (S. T. S.)	600	0	10
Douglas	600	0	8
Lyndesay	600	0	20
Henry (S. T. S.)	600	0	10
	600	0	10

These statistics seem fairly strong proof of the relation between the 'Quare of Jelusy' and the 'Lancelot of the Laik,' and of the absence of relationship between these poems and the 'Kingis Quair.' They show the rarity of *which that* as a relative, and they suggest that the excessive use of *into* was prominent in the later poets.

In the poem itself there is only one passage which appears to make a reference to the author, if we except the Prologue, which must be largely discounted as a poetic commonplace of the age. The passage occurs at l. 1435—

> "The maner wich quho lykith for to here
> He may It fynd In to the holl romans,
> Off confessione o pasing cercumstans.
> I can It not, I am no confessour,
> My wyt haith ewil consat of that labour,
> Quharof I wot I aucht repent me sore."

A passage which, combined with the Prologue, seems

to suggest a layman rather than an ecclesiastic as the author.

The 'Quare of Jelusy' has a colophon which was read by David Laing as "Quod auchen . . ." and the poem has hence been attributed to the Affleck or Auchenleck of Dunbar's "Lament for the Makaris." It should be said, however, that all that is decipherable now is the "Au." In 'The Scottish Historical Review,' April 1911, I put forward the claims of Vidas Achinlek, a Scotsman resident in France, Steward in the household of Louis XII., as the author of these poems, as against James Auchenleck, Chantor of Dornoch, but both claims are purely speculative. In the same article I endeavoured to bring out the extraordinary resemblance which exists between some of the passages in the 'Lancelot' and the 'Quare of Jelusy' and some of Dunbar's poems.

Here, perhaps, attention should be called to the passage at the end of the Prologue in praise of an unnamed poet and his "fresch enditing of his laiting toung," which, it may be surmised, was in honour of Virgil, a passage which should be compared with Douglas's panegyric on "mast reverend Virgill of Latyne poetis prince" and his "dulce ornate fresch endite."

LINGUISTIC CHARACTERISTICS.

The poem, although it possesses little literary value, has a considerable share of linguistic interest. It shows, as has been pointed out, an attempt on the part of a Middle Scots writer to adopt English, and the attempt

is as superficial and as little convincing in the domain of the written language as that of some of his latter day fellow-countrymen in the domain of the spoken tongue, and might well be compared with it. Yet it may be noticed that it apparently deceived the owner of the MS., for in the list of contents already referred to, whereas the 'Lancelot' is described as "an English poem," one of the other Scottish pieces is distinguished as 'Dicta Salomonis in Scotch.'

The linguistic features readily fall under three heads—(1) English Imitations, (2) Middle Scots Characteristics, (3) French Influence.

(1) *English Imitation.*

The verbs display this feature best. The writer mixes English and Scottish inflections, but he has not mastered the former, so that he presents usages unknown in either tongue. The Southern termination *ith* seems to have had a peculiar attraction for him, and he uses it not only in its normal position in the 3rd pers. sing. indic., but in the 2nd pers. sing. of the indicative, in the imperative singular, and most fantastic of all, in the past tense and past participle—cp. "yhow tempith hyme," l. 95; "ne blamyth her," l. 102; "thei ar distroyth," l. 1369. Mingled with these the proper Scottish terminations *is* and *it* occur. It would almost seem as if sometimes this *ith* were the work of the scribe, but it cannot have been introduced by the scribe of this MS., for there is no trace of the peculiarity in the other pieces in the same hand. The confusion in the use of this termination in the 2nd sing. indic. and sing. imper. is a feature which

it shares with the 'Quare of Jelusy' alone of Middle Scottish productions, this particular misconception of English grammar being absent in the 'Kingis Quair,' save for *one* instance of the imperative singular in *ith* in stanza 102, a point which should be noted. As regards its use in past tense and past ppl., this text is unique, save for one instance in the 'Quare of Jelusy,' and the mannerism is so meaningless and arbitrary, it may be a mere orthographic fad of an intermediate scribe.

The other imitations of Southern usage can, in almost every case, be paralleled in Douglas, but his immense vocabulary of unusual Northern words tends to obscure his Southernism. Thus the extraordinarily confused use of *yne*, *ine*, *yng*, *ing*, indifferently for the English infin. in *en*, the pl. of the pres. indic. in *en*, and the pres. part. in *ing*, and for the Northern past ppl. in *en*, pres. ppl. in *and*, and pres. part. or gerund in *ing* or *yng*, is duplicated in Douglas—cp. L. of L., *hating*, inf., 134, *longyne*, pres. ppl., 433, *thei speking*, 1268, &c., and Douglas, *may demyng*, *thai maiking*, &c.

Similarly the occurrence of the prefix *I* or *y* with the past participle in 'Lancelot of the Laik,' both in the normal Southern form *y-grave*, l. 1798, and in the nondescript hybrid form *Iclosit*, l. 53, can be compared with Douglas, *y-clois*, *y-bound*.

The mingling of Northern and Southern forms of words is a feature of the text; thus we have the Southern forms *o*, *one*, *atonis*, *boith*, *holl*, *know*, *so*, *tone*, *wot*, with the Northern, *a*, *ane*, *atanis*, *baith*, *haill*, *knaw*, *sa*, *tane*, *wat*; the Southern *shal*, *shuld*, *sche*, *not*, with the Northern *sal*, *suld*, *scho*, *nocht*. These double forms are all found

in Douglas save *shal* and *shuld*, which he does not seem to have employed. *Tone* as past ppl. of take is an artificial form; it is found in the 'Lancelot' and the 'Quare of Jelusy' rhyming with *dispone;* Douglas rhymes it with *anone*, but he also rhymes the latter type of word with the *-one* of Latin or French origin—cp. *none*, *one*, *expone*. In Stewart's 'Chronicle of Scotland' (1535), *tone* rhymes with *lyonne*. It seems to be a somewhat late form invented by Scottish writers. *Boith* is also artificial, the *i* being Northern and the *o* Southern.

The poem also offers the double forms—*sic*, *streke*, *elyk*, *ryk*, *besek*, and *sich*, *strech*, *elyche*, *rych*, *beseich*.

The correct Scottish *quh* is varied with *qwh*, *qu*, *wh*, *w*, while the added *i*, so characteristic of Middle Scotch, is sometimes present, sometimes absent—cp. *hall* and *haill*, *nose* and *noiſs*, *glore* and *gloire*, *dred* and *dreid*, and frequently in the rhyming couplet one word has the *i* and the other has not.

In the poem occur two words or phrases which have a peculiarly Chaucerian suggestion, *althirbest* and *atte last*, but they are both found in the poem 'Ratis Raving' in the same MS.—altherbest, Bk. II. l. 471 (E. E. T. S.), atte last, Bk. II. l. 469; and *altherbest* is more correctly employed, "thai wen to stand *altherbest*," than in the 'Lancelot,' which has *althirbest of two*, yet 'Ratis Raving' is quite free from any intentional imitation of English.

(2) *Scottish or Northern Characteristics.*

It may be well to note a few of the orthographic characteristics which are found, and of which the following are examples:—

The *a* for *e* in certain words—*e.g.*, *rameid*, *raquer*, *raleif*.

The intrusive *l*—*e.g.*, *walkin* = waken, *chalmer*.

Liquid *l* represented by lz—*e.g.*, *failzeis*, *dispolzeith*, *palzonis*.

n for *ng* before *th*—*e.g.*, *strenth*.

sc for *sh*—*scrikth* = schrieketh.

t lost after *c* and *p* — *e.g.*, *respek*, *effec*, *correk*, *excep*, *empit*, *tempith*.

i interchanged with *u* — *e.g.*, *resput* = respite, *by thus* = by this.

Intrusive *t* after *th* or *ch*—*troutht* = truth, *wight* = with.

The disappearance in pronunciation of *v* between two vowels—*e.g.*, *approuit* rhymed with *alowit*, l. 1753.

The curious rhyme *destitude* and *destitute* rhymed with *conclude* seems to be due to a false analogy with *dude* = do it, or *landis* rhymed with *inhabitantis*. It occurs in both the 'Lancelot' and the 'Quare of Jelusy.'

The metathesis of *r*—*gyrſ*, *storng*, *derdful*, *virslyng*.

Of word forms the following are characteristic of Middle Scots:—

Verbs formed from the Latin infinitive rather than the ppl.—*e.g.*, *dispone*, *proponit*, *possede*, *promyt*, *suppone*.

Uninflected past ppl.—*e.g.*, *exaltate*, *ordinat*, *preordynat*, *repute*.

The short adjectival form—*e.g.*, *contrare*, *etern*, *solitare;* also noun forms, *glore*, *illumynare.*

Curtailed forms—*e.g.*, *noyt*, *semblit;* and expanded forms—*e.g.*, *deden*, *emple*ſ.

Conjunctions formed from verbs — *e.g.*, *suppos*, *set*, possibly *gif.*

Perhaps the choice of relative pronouns made by the writer is the most curious feature next to his fantastic verbal inflections. Thus it has already been shown that his favourite form is the double *which that;* but not infrequently *at* (=that) occurs, which is an old form, thus further reducing the number of times of occurrence of the usual Southern *that* or Middle Scots *quhilk.* This use of *at*, however, is a feature of Douglas, and there are not a few points in which their language coincides. The M.Sc. *quhilkis* does not occur at all, although it is found occasionally in earlier works—*e.g.*, in Wyntoun's 'Chronicle' and in 'Ratis Raving.' Further, the 'Lancelot' differs from the usage of later Middle Scots in not adopting *ane* as the universal demonstrative before consonants as well as vowels. It seems only to be used three times before a consonant, and then in the Southern form "one"—*in one plane*, 682; *one knychtly sorte*, 813; *one new assemblee*, 929. It is, however, misleading to suggest that this usage was universal in a work even of the date of Douglas's translation of the 'Æneid,' for *a* seems as common as *ane* (in the text of Small's edition). *E.g.*—

> "And hest *a* terrabill or *a* feirfull sound."
>
> "Than he begouth assay him wyth *a* trayn
> And with *a* sle dissayt thus first he said."

Characteristic of M.Sc. grammar and syntax is the extended use of the auxiliary verb *do*. *E.g.*—

> "My wo haith *done* my livis gost expell" (l. 78);
>
> "Thinking to *do* his ladice love to have" (l. 3169);

done expell = expelled; *to do to have* = to have.
So also the use of *nor* = but, or that not—

> "Sche had no knycht, sche had no damyseill,
> *Nor* thei richly rewardit war and well" (l. 2349).

also ll. 2228, 3176, &c.

The use of the adjectival phrase *of ane* = of all—

> "As first that galyot conquerit *of one*" (l. 1546).

Another usage which seems peculiarly Scottish, but which I have not seen mentioned, is *or than* = or. In the N.E.D. the phrase *or than* = ere than, before, is found, but this usage is not given. It occurs frequently in Douglas, when "before" or "rather than" cannot be the meaning, as well as in the 'Lancelot.' Cp. 'Lancelot'—

> "But causith of sum maner influens,
> Empriß of thoght ore superfleuytee,
> *Or than* sum othir casualytee" (l. 391);

or—

> "Thinking to do his ladice love to have,
> *Or than* his deth befor hir to resave" (l. 3169);

or Douglas—

> "Or the soft violet that dois freschlie schyne
> *Or than* the purpour flour hait jacynthyne"
> (Æn., Bk. XI. ch. ii.),

where the context makes the meaning clear. *Than* is

probably = "then," not "than." The same usage occurs in Wyntoun.

Other curious idiomatic usages are the use of *as* in such a sentence as the following—

> "Besiching hyme that of his Ignorance
> That knew hyme nat, *as* takith no grewance" (l. 1074).

And again l. 1956. And the use of "them" before both, as well as the noun or pronoun in the nominative. *E.g.*—

> "So *them thei boith*" (l. 1551, and also l. 1214).

In one of these passages Professor Skeat in his edition treats *them* as a scribal error and makes it *then*, but *than* is the usual form of *then*, and *them both* does not seem impossible as a Scottish idiom. The Scottish use of *has* and *was* with a plural subject also occurs —*e.g.*, *thei has* (l. 495), *strokis was* (l. 1193). *Thir multitude* (l. 803) is also Northern.

Amongst the characteristically M.Sc. words are *affere* (v. and sb.), *ameyne*, *anarnit*, *anerding*, *conten* (bear oneself), *degest*, *devith*, *feill*, *fek*, *ferleit*, *found* (went towards), *fruschit*, *gentrice*, *humyll*, *laif*, *melle*, *mon*, *newis* (fists), *ourfret*, *pens* (think), *quhy* (sb. *cause*, reason), *recidens* (delay), *rowm* (v. clear, empty), *sege* (seat), *sort* (a company), *socht* (went, or attacked), *stek* (shut), *supprisit* (overwhelmed) *wy*, *speciall* (intimate).

There are certain rare words in the text which call for notice. The word *demand*, used in the sense of "demur, opposition," is one of these. It is used several times in the text (see Glossary), and the only other writer who uses it frequently is Stewart in his 'Croniclis of Scot-

land' (1535). These are the only two writers from whom quotations illustrating the use of the word are given in the N.E.D. But the word occurs at least once in Douglas with this meaning (although it is not glossed in Small's edition), in 'Palice of Honour,' Part II., stanza 45—

"There was na stopping, lang *demand*, nor pleid."

And this line also suggests that it is quite unnecessary to seek a derivation of the word in the Fr. "desmander," to countermand, for it seems a natural development of the ordinary sense of "demand"; thus "pleid," which is used along with it in this line, occurs frequently, in Douglas in the phrase "but pleid," which has a similar meaning, "without demur." In the French sources examined "desmander" never occurs, and the parallel Fr. passages to those in which it occurs in the 'Lancelot' offer no support to that derivation.

Crownell and *vpwarpith* are two rare words used by Douglas in a very similar context, but not found in other writers. Thus in the Prologue to the twelfth book of the 'Æneid,' Douglas says Aurora *vpwarpis* the "portes crystallyne" of dawn, and in the 'Lancelot' the "bricht sone" *vpwarpith* the "crystoll teris" from the flowers. In the same Prologue of Douglas occurs the line—

"The dasy dyd on breid hir *crownell* smaill";

in the 'Lancelot' the same flower

"Wnclosing gane the *crownell* for the day."

Another word in the use of which the practice of this author seems to agree with that of Douglas is *adew*,

which the latter uses regularly in the sense of "away" or even "gone." Cp.—

> "We wening thaim hame passit and *adew*"
> (Æn., Bk. II. ch. i. l. 22),

and 'Lancelot'—

> "Your worldly honore nedis most *adew*" (l. 518).

A word which is capable of two interpretations is *ward*, in l. 3182—

> "For in the *ward* it was the maner tho
> That non o knycht shuld be the brydill tak,"

which might be either *ward* = host, troop, as used by Douglas—cp.,

> "Upon this wyſ the ostis and *wardis* haill
> On ather part returnyt in battaill"
> (Æn., Bk. XII. ch. ix. l. 109),

or simply *warld*.

There are words, too, uncommon in the particular sense or form they possess, which are found also in the works of Douglas—*e.g.*, *translat* = take away, *liging* (lying), *mor attour* (Douglas, mair attour), *recounterit*, *careldis* (Douglas, carellis), for the *d*, cp. *cammamyld* for *camomile* in Douglas. The use of *quhy* as a substantive = cause, reason (remarked on by Professor Lawson in his book on the 'Kingis Quair'), seems to have been not uncommon in Middle Scots; besides occurring in 'Kingis Quair,' 'Quare of Jelusy,' and 'Lancelot,' it occurs in Douglas—

> "Syne zeild the to thy fa but ony *quhy*"
> (Æn., Bk. XI., Prol., stanza 18),

and somewhat later in the poems of Alexander Scott, and very frequently in Stewart's 'Croniclis of Scotland.'

It is easy, too, to duplicate from Douglas some of the out-of-the-way phrases of the text: *e.g.*—

"Tak . . . apone them self the bak" (l. 1491).
"Tak the bak and flee" (Æn., Bk. XI., Prol., stanza 18).

"Rowmyth all the compas hyme about" (l. 3388).
"Rowmyt was the feild" (Æn., Bk. XII. ch. xii. l. 38).

"As was the maner tho" (l. 2219).
"As was the maner tho" (Æn., Bk. I. ch. vi. l. 70).

"The adwentur now stondith one the point" (l. 2906).
"Now standis the poynt to suffir in batale"
(Æn., Bk. XII. ch. xi. l. 140).

"The perell how disiont" (l. 2905).
"Catchit at disiunct" (Æn., Bk. XII. ch. xiii. l. 30).

and expressions like "at schort," "shortly to conclude," &c.

Interesting in another way is the apparent occurrence of the word *soundith* = tends (ll. 149, 1809, 1941), which seems a direct Chaucerian imitation. The word also occurs in the 'Quare of Jelusy,' and if we could accept it without question it would form another interesting link between these two poems, for it appears to be unused by other Scottish writers, save Douglas, and does not occur in the works of Barbour, Henry, Dunbar, Henryson, Lyndesay, Stewart, nor in the Alliterative Poems. There is one difficulty—the *long s* in this MS. and in others of the same type is frequently almost indistinguishable from *f*, sometimes quite so, and the context has to decide; this is particularly the case before *o* and *a*. The scribe in making his own copy seems to have in one place interchanged *set* and *fet*. We have thus the possibility that *soundith* is really the Scottish word *found*, a common word in many of the writers mentioned above, and having

the meaning of "advance, go towards," a meaning which could without difficulty fit the context of the 'Lancelot'; indeed, taking the word as *soundith*, it does not seem to be used precisely in the Chaucerian fashion. This substitution seems the more probable, because in l. 105 the MS. has apparently *sonde*, and this has been retained, but *fonde* would restore the meaning and avoid a structure found nowhere else in the text. In Douglas the same doubt arises, his words (describing fortitude) are—

> "The first *soundis* towart virteu sum deyll"
> (Æn., Prol. to XI. Bk., stanza 7).

(*Sound* in this sense is not glossed in Small's edition, so further search might produce other passages in which it occurs.) A debateable word is *deuit* which occurs in the Prologue. It has been explained as formed from the verb "dow" (dugan, to be able), but its form suggests rather a verb from "due" (see Glossary).

Finally, the *prekyne hat* (l. 2888), a translation of French "capel de fer," must be the "*sellat or prikit hat*" of the Sc. Act of Parl. of October 1456, and is the helmet of a foot-soldier with a spike or "prick" on the top, rather than a "prekyne" or riding hat.

This part of the discussion has been dwelt upon, and the comparison with Douglas has been carried out in an attempt to show how many of the national literary characteristics the poem has preserved, despite its superficial Anglicising, and how often its vagaries in the way of English imitation can be paralleled in his pages.

(3) *French Influence.*

Consideration of the vocabulary brings up the vexed question of the French influence on Middle Scots. The poem being a translation from that language, would seem to offer a very favourable opportunity for finding the fullest evidence of that influence. But the question is complicated by the fact that the exact date of the poem is a matter of individual opinion, while the particular MS. from which the translation was made is still to seek. We cannot, therefore, tell with absolute certainty whether the writer was the pioneer in adopting certain French words, or whether he found them already current in the language of his predecessors and contemporaries. Thus such words as *conten*, *dereyne*, *essenʒie*, *melle*, *sege*, although found in the French 'Lancelot,' had already been used by Barbour, so also *pens* by Henryson, *recounterit* by Wyntoun, *intermet* in 'Ratis Raving'; and the words *fruschit* and *anerding*, both of French origin, cannot be traced to any of the French sources examined—*e.g.*, the parallel passage to this of the Sc. 'Lancelot,'

> "Arthure, wich had of al this worlde the floure
> Of cheuelry *anerding* to his crown" (l. 344),

is "il a en sa maison la flor de toute la terriene cheualerie."

Two words directly adopted and sufficiently rare to be ascribed directly to the source, are *bertes* or *bretis* (battlements), from "la bertesque," and *nece* for nephew, from Arthur's usual address to Gawayne, "biax nies." Words which, although not new, are directly taken over by the translator, are *aras* from "esrache," *bachleris* from "bacheler," *supprisit* from "sousprise," "*assemblyng on a*

rout" from "assembla a un conroi" (*i.e.*, attack), "*wencust al the assemble*" from "venqui lassemblee," *grant mercy* from "grands mercis." The expression, "wit memoratyve," although having no equivalent in the source, suggests French influence.

(Whenever a word given in the Glossary has an equivalent in the French 'Lancelot' (Dr Sommer's edition), it is given.)

Taking into consideration the fact that the total number of words of French origin used by the writer is not exceptional, that he has not in the course of his translation a single French word peculiar to himself, that it is doubtful if he has one in the use of which he is the pioneer, the conclusion that must be drawn is that in his case, at least, the traditional French influence can prove its existence in only a very moderate degree.

VERSE.

The poem is written in ten-syllable rhyming couplets of a monotonous but also inaccurate kind. In the Prologue of 334 lines there are 43 lines which are syllabically imperfect either through excess or deficiency, and this does not take into account lines so faulty in their accent that they cannot be scanned, although possessing the requisite number of syllables. Even having recourse to that panacea beloved of critics, the Chaucerian accented *e*, or to the Scottish pseudo-Chaucerian accented *e*, the matter is not remedied, for there still remain 24 lines which err through undue length, or which offer no adjective or noun on to which the *e* can be tacked either correctly or incorrectly, and this, although the

Prologue is the most Chaucerian part of the poem. Even of the lines left some offer words which seem to admit more readily of internal lengthening than of the addition of the accented *e*—e.g., *saul*, *thare*, *leif*. It should be noted that in about three-fourths of the words in the pronunciation of which an accented *e* is thus postulated, that *e* has first to be supplied, being absent in the text. This phenomenon of the accented *e* appears occasionally in Douglas, in the same almost accidental fashion. When we have such ample evidence in the 'Lancelot' of the writer's prosodic carelessness, it would be difficult to prove that he ever seriously employed the accented *e* as a metrical device, despite the fact that here and there its presence might help the rhythm.

Another feature which the examination of the metre brings out is that the plural termination *is* of nouns can be pronounced as a separate syllable or not, at the writer's discretion. This is the case even with monosyllables, which in the text are almost as frequently found monosyllabic in the plural as dissyllabic. This shows a comparatively late date for the poem, for monosyllables were the last to drop the pronunciation of the *is* as a separate syllable. The earlier manner can be seen in the 'Kingis Quair.'

It may be argued that if no conclusions can be drawn from the possibility of correcting defective lines by the addition of the *é*, neither can any be drawn from the *is* or *'s*. But the cases are quite different; the importance of accented *e* in Scottish poetry is, to say the least of it, highly hypothetical, whereas the change in the usage with regard to the pronunciation of *-is* is part of the normal and proved development of the language.

CONCLUSION.

It remains simply to suggest the conclusions that may be drawn. First, the poem, although bearing a general resemblance in artificiality to the 'Kingis Quair,' belongs, by certain individual and unique peculiarities of style, and by the wider evidence of vocabulary and grammar, to a later date. Further, these smaller idiosyncrasies referred to, as well as the general style and language, coincide so completely with those of the 'Quare of Jelusy' that there can be little doubt they are the work of the same poet. Also the poem shows in many coincidences of line, turn of speech, rare word, grammatical form, that it has considerable affinity with the poems of Dunbar and Douglas, and makes it highly probable that the writer was acquainted with the work of these poets, and it should be remembered that some of Douglas's work, including translations, is supposed to be lost.

Taking these facts into consideration, it would seem that even if Vidas Achinleck be not the writer, neither is James Auchinleck who died in 1497. For although the author must be given his quietus in time to qualify for admission to Dunbar's "Lament for the Makaris," yet taking the 'Lancelot' as the later of his works, the extra years give him time to have known the work of Dunbar and Douglas, and felt its influence. It is almost a pity he cannot be left alive long enough to have read Douglas's translation of the 'Æneid,' with its praise of Virgil, and other points which the 'Lancelot' seems to have copied. However, if he was Auchinleck,

that cannot be, and perhaps Douglas borrowed a word or phrase from this insignificant writer.

It must be admitted that of all the Scottish writers who admired and imitated Chaucer, none have succeeded in producing such colourless and characterless results as are found in the 'Lancelot' and the 'Quare of Jelusy'; other writers have either preserved some of the charm and sweetness of their inspiration, as the poet of the 'Kingis Quair,' or, when they failed to do this, have offered at least the homely verve and vigour of their native tongue: the poet of the 'Lancelot' and the 'Quare of Jelusy' has done neither.

Mast the god with humble hart, wold serue
And thé comand at al tymys obserue
And sone cat pas tym all blessit abonde
Of corne wt mery pastyme throw tym londe
And y beseych yé gyltsome yong sal drede
The rod be vyse tym wranyst to reuenge
That yong wt not my tym ouermone blynde
Now serely se and yong sal truly se fynde
That ye tymys be to tym ouer blame
And forbant god tym pt shal be tym same
Of ignorance shall yong not be excusit
Bot my tym worke sorow be accusit
Now thoys seruand and tymys apone sic wyss
Thi instrone that wyll hauy of iustice
First that thé be diligent diligent til amend
And corne and ilk tym mast of tym lond
Vsand be of myt and ilk manere
Now pumple ay abominably cors degre
And that of tronys thé pepill thrugh tym thar
That ne ale myty ne thé commyn thé thig alday
And hauing al tymys tym thing sal pas tymys
Syne that thé god dred and serue al so
Of auere & be thar thing tym desyre
And of hyme full of hyghynes & fyre
Be thar tymys be of malice and dissen-
And hyme also that corsing nomthyre
Now al tymis abhominable thar hold
Obseruy iustice thar my to tym hyme old
Now geddis that ne of ay of tymo by sinnis
Thé cast of tymy subduing all tym cors
And makyng se ay stedily to stand
Or stiryd tymself for tym sal be thi mend
Al come tym day obseruy al thing gouy abuse
Thar none vptrus hindring shal ne hyndre
Bot thé tym thing that no may may sy sport
And thy thé mot sul iustly sal tourne
Be thar tymis wt ne cause haue cold
And tymis thing thy that tym cors shal hold
And ale y will that ne will eft be stey
Fruse to thé chef hold tymy tym cors stey
And hold tym thing and hold tym day ne thing
Now to iugne that yong be diligent

LANCELOT OF THE LAIK.

[Fol. 1.] THe ſoft morow ande The luſtee Aperill,
The wynter set, the stormys in exill,
Quhen that the brycht & freſch illumynare
Upriſith arly in his fyre chare
His hot courß in to the orient,
And frome his ſpere his goldine ſtremis sent
Wpone the grond, in maner off meſag,
One euery thing to valkyne thar curage,
That natur haith set wnder hire mycht,
Boith gyrß, and flour, & euery luſty vicht;
And namly thame that felith the aſſay
Of lufe, to ſchew the kalendis of may,
Throw birdis ſonge with opine wox one hy,
That ſeſſit not one lufaris for to cry,
Leſt thai forȝhet, throw ſlewth of Ignorans,
The old wſage of lowis obſeruans.
And fromē I can the bricht face aſſpy,
It deuit me no langare fore to ly,
Nore that loue schuld ſleuth In to me finde,[1]
Bot walkine furth, bewalinge in my mynde
The dredful lyve endurit al to longe,
Sufferans in loue of ſorouful harmys ſtronge,
The ſcharpe dais and the hewy ȝerys,
Quhill phebus thris haith paſſith al his ſperis,

[1] MS. Nore that loue schuld "In to me" "ſleuth" finde.

Vithoutine hope ore traiſtinge of comfort;
So be ſuch meine fatit was my sort.
Thus in my ſaull Rolinge al my wo,
My carful hart carwing cañ In two
The derdful ſuerd of lowis hot diſſire,
So be the morow set I was afyre
In felinge of the acceß hot & colde,
That haith my hart in ſich a fevir holde,
Only to me thare was noñe vthir eß
Bot thinkine qhow I ſchulde my lady pleß.
The ſcharp aſſay and ek the Inwart peine
Of dowblit wo me neulyng*is* cañ conſtrein,
Quhen that I have remembrit one my tho*cht*
How sche, quhois bewte al my harm̄ haith wrocht,
[Fol. 1 *b*.] Ne knouith not how I ame wo begoñe,
Nor how that I ame of hire ſer*uand*is oñe;
And in my ſelf I cañ nocht fynde the meyne
In to quhat wyß I ſal my wo compleine.
Thus in the feild I walkith to & froo,
As tho*cht*ful wicht that felt of no*cht* bot woo,
Syne to o gardinge, that weß weil beſeñ,
Of quiche the feild was al depaynt w*ith* greñ.
The tendyre and the luſty flour*is* new
Up throūe the greñ vpone thar ſtalk*is* grew
Aȝhane the ſone, and thare levis ſpred,
Quharw*ith* that al the gardinge was Iclede,
That pryapus, in to his tyme before,
In o luſtear walkith nevir more;
And al about enweronyt and Icloſit
One ſich o wyß, that none w*ith*in ſuppoſit
Forė to be ſeñ w*ith* ony vicht thare owt,
So dide the levis clof it[1] all about.
Thar was the flour, thar was the queñ alpheſt,[2]
Ry*cht* wering being of the ny*chtis* reſt,

[1] MS. "cloſit." [2] *I.e.*, "alcest."

Wncloſing gañe the crownel for the day ;
The bry*ch*t ſone illumynit haith the ſpray,
The ny*ch*t*is* ſobir ande the moſt ſchowr*is*,
As criſtoll terys w*ith*hong vp[o]ne the flour*is*,
Haith vpwarpith In the luſty aire,
The morow makith ſoft, ameyne, and faire ;
And the byrd*is* thar my*ch*ty voce out throng,
Quhill al the wood reſonite of thar ſonge,
That gret confort till ony vicht It wer
That pleſſith thame of luſtenes to here ;
Bot gladneß til the tho*ch*tful, au*er* mo
The more he ſeith, the more he haith of wo.
Thar was the garding w*ith* the flour*is* ourfret,
Quich is in poſy fore my lady set,
That hire Repreſent to me oft befor,
& thane alſo ; thus al day gan be for[1]
Of tho*ch*t my goſt w*ith* torment occupy,
[Fol. 2.] That I becam̃e In to one exaſy,
Ore ſlep, or how I wot, bot ſo befell,
My wo haith done my livis goſt expell,
And in ſich wiß weil long I can endwr,
So me betid o wondir aventur.
As I thus lay, Ry*ch*t to my ſpreit vas ſeñ
A birde, yat was as ony lawrare greñ,
Alicht, and ſayth in to hir bird*is* chere ;
"O woful wrech, that levis in to were !
To ſchew the thus the god of loue me ſent,
That of thi ſer*u*ice no thing is content,
For in his[2] court yhoue lewith i*n* diſſpar,
And vilfully ſuſtenis al thi care,
And ſchapith no thinge of thine awn remede,
Bot clepith ay and cryith apone dede ;
Yhow callith the bird*is* be morow fro thar bour*is*,
Yhoue devith boith the erbis and the flour*is*,

[1] MS. "befor."
[2] The scribe has written "hir" and then changed the "r" into "s."

And clepit hyme vnfaithful king of lowe,
Yow dewith hyme in to *his* rigne abuſe,
Yhow tempith hyme, yhoue doith thi ſelf no gud,
Yhoue art o moñ of wit al deſtitude.
Wot yhoue no*ch*t that al liwis creatwre
Haith of thi[1] wo i*n* to h*ir* hand the cwre?
And ſet yhoue clep one erbis and one treis,
Sche her*is* not thi wo, nore ȝhit ſche ſeis;
For none may know the dirkneß of thi tho*ch*t,
Ne blamyth h*er*, thi wo ſche knowith no*ch*t,
And It is weil accordinge It be so.
He ſuffir harme, that to redreß h*is* wo
Previdith not; for long ore he be ſonde,
Holl of his leich, that ſchewith not h*is* vound.
And of owid ye autor ſchall yhow knaw
Of lufe that ſeith, for to conſel or ſchow,
The laſt he clepith althir beſt of two;
And that is ſuth, and ſal be eu*er* mo.
And loue alſo haith chargit me to ſay,
[Fol. 2 *b*.] Set yhoue preſume, ore beleif, ye aſſay
Of his ſ*er*uice, as It wil ryne ore go,
Preſwme It not, fore It wil not be so;
Al magre thine a ſ*er*uand ſchal yow bee.
And as tueching thine adu*er*ſytee,
Complen and sek of the ramed, the cwre,
Ore, gif yhow likith, furth thi wo endure."
And, as me tho*ch*t, I anſuerde aȝaiñe
Thus to the byrde, in word*is* ſchort and plane:
"It ganyth not, as I have harde Recorde,
The ſ*er*uand for to diſput w*ith* ye lord;
Bot well he knowith of al my vo the quhy,
And in quhat wyß he hath me ſet, quhar I
Nore may I not, nore can I not attane,
Nore to hir hienes dare I not complane."

[1] Before "thi" the word "hir" is written and deleted.

"Ful!" q*uo*d the bird, "lat be thi nyß diſpare,
For in this erith no lady is ſo fare,
So hie eſtat, nore of ſo gret empriß,
That in hire ſelf haith viſdome ore gentrice,
Yf that o wicht, that worthy is to be
Of lovis court, ſchew til hir that he
Seruith hire in lovis hartly wyß,
That ſchall thar for hyme hating or diſpiß.
The god of love thus chargit the, at ſchort,
That to thi lady yhoue thi wo Report;
Yf yhoue may not, thi plant ſchall yhov vrit.
Se, as yhoue cane, be man*er* ofe[1] endit
In metir, quhich that no ma*n* haith ſuſſpek,
Set oft tyme thai contenyng gret effece;
Thus one ſume wyß yhow ſchal thi wo dwclar.
And, for thir ſedulis and thir billis are
So gen*er*all, and ek ſo ſchort at lyte,
And ſwme of thai*m* is loſt the appetit,
Sum trety ſchall yhoue for yi lady ſak,
That wnkouth is, als tak one hand and mak,
Of love, ore armys, or of ſu*m* othir thing,
That may hir one to thi Reme*m*bry*n*g brynge,
[Fol. 3.] Qwich ſoundith Not one to no hewynes,
Bot one to gladneß and to luſteneß,
That yhoue belevis may thi lady pleß,
To have hir thonk and be one to hir eß;
That ſche may wit in ſer*u*ice yhow art one.
Faire weil," q*uo*d ſche, "thus ſchal yhow the diſpone,
And mak thi ſelf als mery as yhoue may,
It helpith not thus fore to wep al way."
W*ith* that, the bird ſche haith hir leif tak,
For fere of quich I can onone to wak;
Sche was ago, and to my ſelf tho*ch*t I
Quhat may yis meyne? quhat may this ſig*n*ify?

[1] Or "oft."

Is It of troutht, or of Illuſioune?
Bot finaly, as in concluſioune,
Be as be may, I ſchal me not discharge,
Sen It apperith be of lovis charg;
And ek myne hart noñe othir biſſynes
Haith bot my ladice ſeruice, as I geß;
Among al vtheris I ſchal one honde tak
This litil occupatioune for hire ſak.
Bot hyme I pray, the mychty gode of loue,
That ſitith hie in to his ſpir abuf,
(At command of o wyß quhois viſioune
My goſt haith takin this opvnioune,)
That my lawboure may to my lady pleß,
And do wnto hir ladeſchip ſum eß,
So that my trauell be nocht tynt; and I
Quhat vtheris ſay ſetith no thing by,
For wel I know that, be this worldis famẽ,
It ſchal not be bot hurting to my namẽ,
Quhen that thai here my febil negligens,
That empit is, and bare of eloquens,
Of diſcreſſioune, and ek of Retoryk;
The metire and the cuning both elyk
So fere diſcording frome perfeccioune;
Quhilk I ſubmyt to the correccioune
Of yaim the quhich that is diſcret & wyß,
And enterit is of loue in the ſeruice;
[Fol. 3 b.] Quhich knouyth that no lovare dare withſtonde,
Quhat loue hyme chargit he mot tak one honde,
Deith, ore defamẽ, or ony maner wo;
And at this tyme with me It ſtant rycht ſo,
As I that dar makine no demande
To quhat I wot It lykith loue commande.
Tueching his chargis, as with al deſtitut,
Within my mynd ſchortly I conclud
For to fulfyll, for ned I mot do ſo.
Thane in my thocht rolling to and fro

Quhare that I my*cht* ſu*m* wnkouth mat*er* ſynde,
Quhill at ye laſt it fell in to my mynd
Of o ſtory, that I befor had ſene,
That boith of loue and armys can conteñ,
Was of o kny*cht* clepit lancelot of ye laik,
The ſone of bane was king of albanak;
Of quhois fame & worſchipful dedis
Clerk*is* in to diu*er*ſ buk*is* red*is*
Of quhome I thynk her ſu*m*thing for to writ
At louis charge, and as I cane, endit;
Set me*n* tharin ſal by exp*er*iens
Know my conſait, and al my negligens.
Bot for that ſtory is ſo paſing larg,
One to my wit It war ſo gret o charg
For to tranſlait the romans of that kny*cht*,
It paſſith fare my cu*n*yng and my mycht,
Myne Ignorans may It not comp*re*hende;
Quharfor thare one I wil me not depend
How he was borne, nor how his fad*er* deid
And ek his mod*er*, nore how he was denyed
Eft*er* thare deth, p*re*ſumyng he was ded,
Of al ye lond, nore how he fra that ſtede
In sacret wyſ wnwyſt away was tak,
And nwriſt w*it*h ye lady of ye lak.
Nor, in his 3outh, think I not to tell
The aue*n*tour*is*, quhich to hyme befell;
Nor how the lady of the laik hyme had
One to the court, quhare that he kny*cht* was mad;
[Fol. 4.] None wiſt his nome, nore how that he was tak
By loue, and was Iwondit to the ſtak,
And throuch & throuch perſit to ye hart,
That al his tyme he cout*h* It not aſtart;
For thare of loue he ent*er*it in ſ*er*uice,
Of wanore throuch the beute and franchis,
Throuch quhois ſ*er*uice in armys he has vro*cht*
Mony wond*er*is, and p*er*ell*is* he has socht.

Nor how he thor, in to his ȝoung curage,
Hath maid awoue, and in to louis rage,
In the rewenging of o wondit knyc*h*t
That cu*m*yne was in to the court that ny*ch*t;
In to his hed a brokin[1] fuerd had he,
And in his body alſo my*ch*t me*n* see
The tronſiou*n*e of o brokine ſper that was,
Quhich no ma*n* out dedenyt to aras;
Nor how he haith the wapnis out tak,
And his awow apone this wis can mak,
That he ſchuld hyme Reweng at h*is* poware
One eue*r*y knyc*h*t that louith the hurtare
Bett*er* thane hyme, the quhich that was Iwond.
Throw quich awoue in armys hath ben founde
The deth of mo*n*y wereoure ful wicht;[2]
For, fro tho wow was knowing of the knyc*h*t,
Thare was ful mony o paſage in the londe
By me*n* of armys kepit to withſtond
This knyc*h*t, of quhome thai ben al set afyre
Thai*m* to reweng in armys of deſir.
Nor how that thane in*con*tyne*n*t was ſend
He and ſ*ir* kay togidd*er* to defend
The lady of nohalt, nore how that hee
Gou*er*nit hyme thare, nore in quhat degre.
Nor how the gret paſing vaſſolag
He eſcheuit, thrōue the outragouß curag,
In conquiryng of the sorowful caſtell.
Nor how he paſſith dou*n*e in the cauis fell,
And furth ye keys of Inchantme*n*t bro*ch*t,
That al diſtroyt quhich that thare vas vro*ch*t.
[Fol. 4 *b*.] Nore howe that he reſkewit ſ*ir* gawane,
W*i*th h*is* ix falouß in to preſone tane;
Nore mony vthere diu*er*ß aduenture,
Quhich to report I tak not in my cwre;

[1] MS. "abrokin."
[2] The MS. wrongly transposes ll. 247 and 248.

Nor mony aſſemblay that gawane gart be maid
To wit h*is* name; nor how that he hyme hade
Wnwiſt, and hath the worſchip & empriß;
Nor of the kny*cht*i*s* in to mony diu*er*ß wyß
Throuch his awoue that hath thare dethis found;
Nor of the ſufferans that by louis wounde
He in his trawel ſufferith au*er* more;
Nor in the quenis p*rese*ns how tharfor
By camelot, in to that gret Revare,
He was ner dround. I wil It not declare
How that he was in louis hewy tho*cht*
By dagenet in to the court Ibrocht;
Nor how the kny*cht* that tyme he cane p*er*ſew,
Nor of the gyant*is* by camelot he ſlew;
Nor wil I not her tell the man*er* how
He ſlew o kny*cht*, by nat*ur* of his wow,
Off melyholt; nore how in to that toune
Thar came one hyme o gret confuſione
Of pupil & kny*cht*i*s*, al enarmyt,
Nor how he thar haith kepit hyme wnharmyt;
Nor of his worſchip, nor of h*is* gret prowes,
Nor his defens of armys in the pres.
Nor how the lady of melyhalt y*at* ſche
Came to the feild, and prayth hyme that he
As to o lady to hir[1] his ſuerd hath ȝold
Nor how he was in to hir keping hold;
And mony vthir nobil deid alſo
I wil report quharfor I lat ourgo.
For quho thai*m* lykith for to ſpecyfy,
Of one of thai*m* my*cht* mak o gret ſtory;
Nor thing I not of his hye renōwn
My febil wit to makin menſioune;
Bot of the wer*is* that was ſcharp & ſtrong,
Richt p*er*ellouß, and hath enduryt long,

[1] MS. "his."

[Fol. 5.] Of Arthur In defending of his lond
Frome galiot, ſone of the fair gyonde,
That bro*cht* of kny*chtis* o paſing confluens;
And how lancelot of arthur*is* hol defens
And of the ver*is* berith the renowñ;
And how he be the wais of fortou*ne*
Tuex the two princ*is* makith the accorde,
Of al there mortall wer*is* to concorde;
And how that venus, ſiting hie abuf,
Reuardith hyme of trauell in to loue,
And makith hyme his ladice grace to have,
And thankfully his ſer*u*ice cane reſave;
This is the mat*er* quhich I think to tell.
Bot ſtil he mot ry*cht* w*ith* the lady duell,
Quhill tyme cu*m* eſt that we ſchal of hy*m* ſpek.
This p*ro*ceſs mot cloſine beñ and ſtek;
And furth I wil one to my mat*er* go.
Bot first I pray, and I beſek also,
One to the moſt conpilour to ſupport,
Flour of poyet*is*, quhois nome I wil report
To me nor to noñ vthir It accordit,
In to our rymyng his nam̃ to be recordit;
For ſum ſuld deme It of preſumpſioune,
And ek our rymyng is al bot deryſioune,
Quhen that reme*m*brit is his excellens,
So hie abuf that ſtant in reue*r*ans.
Ye freſch enditing of h*is* laiting toung
Out throuch yis world ſo wid is yroung,
Of eloquens, and ek of retoryk,
Nor is, nor was, nore neue*r* beith hyme lyk,
This world gladith of h*is* ſuet poetry.
His ſaul I blyſs conſeruyt be for thy;
And yf that ony lusty terme I wryt
He haith the thonk y*er*of, & this endit.

EXPLICIT P*RO*LOG*US*, ET INCIPIT P*RIMUS* LIBER.

[Fol. 5 b.] Quhen tytan, withe his lusty heit,
Twenty dais In to the aryeit
Haith maid his courß, and all with diuerß hewis
Aparalit haith the feldis and the bewis,
The birdis amyd[1] the erbis & the flouris,
And one the branchis, makyne gone thar bouris,
And be the morow ſinging in ther chere
Welcum the luſty ſeſſone of the ȝere.
In to this tyme the worthi conqueroure
Arthure, wich had of al this worlde the floure
Of cheuelry anerding to his crown,
So paſing war his knychtis in renoune,
Was at carlill; and hapynnit ſo that hee
Soiornyt well long in that faire cuntree.
In to whilk tyme In to the court thai heire
None awenture, for wich the knyghtis weire
Anoit all at the abiding thare.
For why, beholding one the ſobir ayre
And of the tyme the paſing luſtynes,
Can ſo thir knyghtly hartis to encreß,
That thei ſhir kay one to the king haith ſende,
Beseiching hyme he wold wichſaif to wende
To camelot the Cetee, whare that thei
Ware wont to heryng of armys day be day.
The king forſuth, heryng thare entent,
To thare deſir, be ſchort awyſment,
Ygrantid haith; and ſo the king proponit
And for to pas one[2] hyme one the morne diſponit.
Bot ſo befell hyme that nycht to meit
An aperans, the wich one to his ſpreit

[1] MS. "among" deleted and replaced by "amyd."
[2] In MS. a faint line through "one."

It ſemyth that of al his hed ye hore
Of fallith and maid deſolat; wharfore
The king therof was pensyve in his mynd,
That al the day he couth no reſting fynde,
Wich makith hyme his Iorneye to delaye.
And ſo befell apone the thrid day,
The bricht sone, paſing in the weſt,
Haith maid his courſs, and al thing goith to Reſt;
The king, ſo as the ſtory can dewyſs,
He thoght aȝeine, apone the ſamyne wyſs,
[Fol. 6.] His vombe out fallith vith his hoil syde
Apone the ground, & liging hyme befid;
Throw wich anon out of his ſlep he ſtert,
Abaſit and adred in to his hart.
The wich be morow one to the qwen he told,
And ſhe aȝeine to hyme haith anſuer ȝolde;
"To dremys, *ſir*, ſhuld no man have Reſpek,
For thei ben thing*is* weyn, of non affek."
"Well," q*uo*d the king, "god grant It ſo befall!"
Arly he roſs, and gert one to hyme call
O clerk, to whome that al his hewynes
Tweching his drem ſhewith he expreſs;
Wich anſuer yaf and ſeith one to the kinge;
"Shir, no Record lyith to ſuch thing;
Wharfor now, ſhir, I praye yow tak no kep,
Nore traiſt in to the vanyteis of ſlep,
For thei are thing*is* that aſkith no credens,
But cauſith of ſum maner influe*n*s,
Empriſs of thoght ore ſup*er*fleuytee,
Or than ſum othir caſualytee."
"ȝit," q*uo*d the king, "I ſal no*ch*t leif It so;"
And furth he chargit meſinger*is* to go
Throgh al his Realm, w*ith*outen more demande,
And bad them ſtratly at thei ſhulde comande
Al the biſhopes, and makyng no delay
The ſhuld appere be the tuenty day

At camelot, with al thar hol clergy
That moſt expert war, for to certefye
A mat*er* tueching to his goſt be nyght.
The meſag goith furth with the l*ett*res Right.
The king eft ſone, w*ith*in a litill ſpace,
His Iornay makith haith frome place to place,
Whill that he cam to camelot; and there
The clerk*is* all, as that the chargit were,
Aſſemblit war, and came to his preſens,
Of his deſir, to viting the ſentens.
To them that war to hyme moſt ſpeciall
Furth his entent ſhauyth he al hall;
By whois conſeil, of the worthieſt
He cheſith ten, yclepit for the beſt,
And moſt expert and wiſeſt was ſuppoſit,
[Fol. 6 *b*.] To qwhome his drem all hail he haith diſcloſſit,
The houre, the nyght, and al the c*er*cumſtans,
Beſichyne them that the ſignifycans
Thei wald hyme ſhaw, that he my*ch*t reſting fynde
Of It, the wich that occupeid his mynde.
And one of them with[1] al ther holl aſſent
Saith, "ſhire, fore to declare our entent
Vpone this matere, ye wil ws delay
Fore to awyſing one to the ix day."
The king ther-to grantith haith, bot hee
In to o place, that ſtrong was and hye,
He cloſith them, whare thei may no whare get,
Vn to the day, the wich he to them set.
Than goith the clerk*is* ſadly to awyſs
Of this mat*er*, to ſeing in what wyſs
The king*is* drem thei ſhal beſt ſpecefy.
And than the maiſtris of aſtronomy
The book*is* longyne to ther artis set;[2]
Not was the buk*is* of arachell forget,

[1] MS. "saith with," "saith" possibly meant to be deleted.
[2] So in MS. Read "fet."

Of nembrot, of danȝhelome, thei two,
Of moyſes, & of herynes all ſoo;
And ſeking be ther calcolacioun*e*
To fynd the planet*is* diſpoſicioun*e*,
The wich thei fond ware wond*er* ewill yſet
The ſamyne nyght the king his ſweuen met.
So ner the point ſocht thei have the thing,
Thei fond It wond*er* hewy to the king,
Of wich thing thei waryng in to were
To ſhew the king, for dreid of his danger.
Of ane accorde thei planly haue p*ro*ponit
No worde to ſhow, and ſo thei them diſponit.
The day is cu*m*yng, and he haith fore them ſent,
Beſichyne them to ſhewing ther entent.
Than ſpak they all, and that of an accorde;
"Shir, of this thing we can no thing Recorde,
For we can noght fynd in til our ſciens,
Tweching this mater, ony ewydens."
"Now," q*uo*d the king, "and be the glorius lorde,
Or we depart ye ſhall ſum thing recorde;
So pas yhe uot, nor ſo It ſall not bee."
"Than," q*uo*d the clerk*is*, "grant ws dais three."
[Fol. 7.] The wich he grantid them, and but delay,
The term paſſith, no thing wold the ſay,
Wharof the king ſtondith heuy cherith,
And to the clerk*is* his viſag ſo apperith,
That all thei dred them of the king*is* myght.
Than ſaith o clerk, "s*ir*, as the thrid nyght
Ye dremyt, ſo giffis ws delay
The thrid tyme, and to the thrid day."
By whilk tyme thei fundyng haith the ende
Of this mater, als far as ſhal depend
To ther ſciens; yit can thei not awyſs
To ſchewing to the king be ony wyſs.
The day is cum, the king haith them beſocht,
Bot one no wyſs thei wald declar ther thoght;

Than was he wroth in to his ſelf and noyt,
And maid his wow that thei ſhal[1] ben diſtroyt.
His baronis he commandit to gar tak
Fyve of them one to the fir ſtak,
And vther fyue be to the gibbot tone;
And the furth with the kingis charg ar gone.
He bad them in to ſecret wyß that thei
Shud do no harm, but only them aſſey.
The clerkis, dredful of the kingis Ire,
And ſaw the perell of deth and of the fyre,
Fyve, as thei can, has grantit to record;
That vther herde and ben of ther accorde;
And al thei ben yled one to the king,
And ſhew hyme thus as tueching of this thing.
"Shir, ſen that we conſtrenyt ar by myght
To ſhaw wich that we knaw no thing aricht;
For thing to cum preſeruith It allan
To hyme the wich is euery thing certañ,
Excep the thing that til our knawleg hee
Hath ordynat of certan for to bee;
Therfor, ſhir king, we your magnificens
Beſeich It turne till ws to non offens,
Nor hald ws nocht as learis, thoght It fall
Not in this mater, as that we telen ſhall."
And that the king haith grantit them, & thei
Has chargit one, that one this wiß ſall ſeye.
"Preſumyth, ſhir, that we have fundyne so;
All erdly honore ye nedist moſt for-go,
[Fol. 7 b.] And them the wich ye moſt affy in tyll
Shal failye 3ow, magre of ther will;
And thus we haue in to this matere founde."
The king, qwhois hart was al wyth dred ybownd,
And aſkit at the clerkis, if thei ſynde
By there clergy, that ſtant in ony kynde

[1] MS. "ſhat."

Of poſſibilitee, fore to reforme
His deſteny, that ſtud in ſuch a forme:
If in the hewyne Is preordynat[1]
On ſuch o wiß his honor to tranſlat.
The clerk*is* ſaith, "forſuth, and we haue ſene
O thing whar of, if we the trouth ſhal meñ,
Is ſo obſcure and dyrk til our clergye,
That we wat not what It ſhal ſignefye,
Wich cauſith ws we can It not furth ſay,"
"Yis," q*uo*d the king, "as lykith yow ye may,
For wers than this can nat be ſaid for me."
Thane ſaith o maiſtir, "than ſuthly th*us* finde we;
Thar is no thing ſal ſucour nor reſkew,
Your wordly honore nedis moſt adew,
But throuch the watrye lyone & ek ſyne
On throuch the liche & ek the wattir ſyne,
And throuch the conſeill of the flour; god wot
What this ſhude meñ, for mor ther of we not."
No word the king anſuerid ayane,
For al this reſone thinkith bot *in* weyne.
He ſhawith outwart his contenans
As he therof takith no greuans;
But al the nyght it paſſid nat his thoght.
The dais courß w*ith* ful deſir he ſocht,
And furth he goith to bring his mynd *in* reſt
W*ith* mony O knyght vn to the gret foreſt;
The rachis gon wn-copelit for the deire,
That in the wodis makith nois & cheir;
The knycht*is*, w*ith* the grewhund*is* in aweit,
Secith boith the planis and the ſtreit.
Doune goith the hart, doune goith the hynd alſo;[2]
The ſwift grewhund, hardy of aſſay,
Befor ther hedis no thing goith away.

[1] Scribe has begun to write "predestinat" and deleted it.
[2] A line must here be lost, but there is nothing to show this in the MS.

The king of hunting takith haith his ſport,
And to his palace home he can Reſort,
Ayan the noon; and as that he was set
[Fol. 8.] Vith all his noble knyght*is* at the met,
So cam ther in an agit knyght & hee
Of gret efflat ſemyt for to bee;
Anarmyt all, as tho It was the gyß,
And thus the king he ſaluſt, one this wiß:
"Shir king, one to yow am y ſende
From the worthieſt that *in* world is kend,
That leuyth now of his tyme and age,
Of manhed, wiſdome, & of hie curag,
Galiot, ſone of the fare gyande;
And thus, at ſhort, he bid*is* yow your londe
Ye yald hyme our, w*ith*out Impedyment;
Or of hyme holde, and if tribut and rent.
This is my charge, at ſhort, whilk if youe leſt
For to fulfill, of al he haith conqueſt
He ſais that he moſt tendir ſhal youe hald."
By ſhort awys the king his anſuer yald;
"Shir kny*cht*, your lorde wondir hie pretendis,
When he to me ſic ſalutatioune send*is*;
For I as yit, in tymys that ar gone,
Held neu*er* lond excep of god alone,
Nore neu*er* thinkith til erthly lord to yef
Trybut nor rent, als long as I may lef."
"Well," q*uo*d the kny*cht*, "ful ſor repentith me;
Non may reciſt the thing the wich mone bee.
To yow, *ſir* king, than frome my lord am I
With diffyans ſent, and be this reſone why;
His purpos Is, or this day moneth day,
With all his oſt, planly to aſſay
Your lond, w*ith* mony ma*n*ly man of were,
And helmyt kny*chtis*, boith with ſheld & ſpere;
And neu*er* thinkith to retwrn home whill
That he this lond haith conqueſt at his will;

And ek vanour the quen, of whome that hee
Herith report of al this world that ſhee
In fairhed and in wertew doith excede,
He bad me ſay he think*is* to poſſede."
"Schir," q*uo*d the king, "your meſag me behuf*is*
Of reſone and of curtaſy excuſß;
But tueching to your lord & to his oſt,
His powar, his meſag, and his boſt,
That pretendith my lond for to diſtroy,
Tharof as ȝit tak I non anoye;
[Fol. 8 *b*.] And ſay your lord one my behalf, when hee
Haith tone my lond, that al the world ſhal see
That It ſhal be magre myne entent."
With that the kny*ch*t, w*ith*outen leif, is went,
And richt as he was paſing to the dure,
He ſaith, "a gode![1] what wykyt aduenture
Apperith!" w*ith* that his hors he nome,
Two knicht*is* kepit, waiting h*is* outcome.
The kni*ch*t is gon, the king he gan Inquere
At gawan, and at other kny*ch*t*is* sere,
If that thei knew or eu*er* hard recorde
Of galiot, and wharof he wes lorde;
And ther was non among his kny*ch*t*is* all
Which anſuerd o word in to the hall.
Than galygantynis of walys raſe,
That trauelit in diu*er*ß lond*is* has,
In mony kny*ch*tly aue*n*tur haith ben;
And to the king he ſaith, "ſ*ir*, I haue sen
Galiot, which is the fareſt kny*ch*t,
And hieſt be half a fut one hycht,
That eu*er* I saw, and ek his me*n* accordith;
Hyme lakid no*ch*t that to a lord recordith.
For viſare of his ag is non than hee,
And ful of larges and humylytee;

[1] MS. "agod°."

An hart he haith of paſing hie curag,
And is not xxiiij ȝer of age,
And of his tyme mekil haith conquerit;
Ten king*is* at his *com*mand ar ſterit.
He v*ith* his me*n* ſo louit is, y geß,
That hyme to pleß is al ther beſynes.
Not ſay I this, *ſir*, in to ye entent
That he, nor none wnd*er* the firmame*n*t,
Shal pouere haue ayane your maieſtee;
And, or thei ſhuld, this y ſey for mee,
Rather I ſhall kny*ch*tly in to feild
Reſaue my deith anarmyt wnd*er* ſheld.
This ſpek y leſt;"—the king, ayan the morn,
Haith varnit huntar*is* baith with hund & horne,
And arly gan one to the foreſt ryd,
With mony manly knyght*is* by h*is* ſid,
Hyme for to ſport and comfort w*ith* the dere,
Set contrare was the ſeſone of y^e^ yere.
His moſt huntyng was atte wyld bore;
[Fol. 9.] God wot a luſtye cuntree was It thoore,
In the ilk tyme! weil long this noble king
In to this lond haith maid his ſiiornyng.
Frome the lady was send o meſinger
Of melyhalt, wich ſaith one this maner,
As that the ſtory ſhewith by recorde:
"TO yow, *ſir* king, as to hir ſou*er*an lorde,
My lady hath me chargit for to ſay
How that your lond ſtondith *in* affray;
For galiot, ſone of the fare gyande,
Enterit Is by armys in your land,
And ſo the lond and cuntre he anoyth,
That quhar he goith planly he diſtroyth,
And makith al obeiſand to his honde,
That nocht is left wnconqueſt *in* that lond,
Excep two caſtell*is* longing to hir cwre,
Wich to defend ſhe may no*ch*t long endure.

Wharfor, *ſir*, in word*is* plan & ſhort,
Ye mon diſpone your folk for to ſupport."
"Wel," q*uo*d the king, "one to thi lady ſay,
The neid is myne, I fall It not delay;
But what folk ar thei ne*m*myt for to bee,
That in my lond is cu*m*yne in ſich degree?"
"An hundreth thouſand boith vith ſheld & ſpere
On hors ar armyt, al redy for the were."
"Wel," q*uo*d the king, "and but delay this ny*ch*t,
Or than to morn as that the day is lycht,
I ſhal remuf; ther ſhal no thing me mak
Impedyme*n*t my Iorney for to tak."
Than ſeith his kny*chtis* al w*ith* one aſſent,
"Shir, that is al contrare our entent;
For to your folk this mater is wnwiſt,
And ye ar here our few for to reciſt
ȝone power, and youre cuntre to defende;
Tharfor abid, and for your folk ye send,
That lyk a king and lyk a weriour
Ye may ſuſten in armys your honoure."
"Now," q*uo*d the king, "no langer that I ȝeme
My crowne my ſepture, nor my dyademe,
Frome that I here, ore frome I wnd*er*ſtand,
That ther by fors be entrit in my land
Men of armys by ſtrenth of vyolens,
If that I mak abid or reſydens
In to o place langar than o ny*ch*t,
For to defend my cuntre & my ry*ch*t."
[Fol. 9 *b*.] The king that day his meſage haith furth sent
Throuch al his realme, and ſyne to reſt is went.
Up goith the morow, wp goith the bry*ch*t day,
Wp goith the sone in to his freſh aray;
Richt as he ſpred his bemys frome northeſt,
The king wpraß w*ith*outen more areſt,
And by his awn conſeil and entent
His Iornaye tuk at ſhort awyſment.

And but dulay he goith frome place to place
Whill that he cam nere whare[1] the lady was,
And in one plane, apone o reuer ſyde,
He lichtit doune, and ther he can abide;
And yit *with* hyme to batell fore to go
Vij thousand fechter*is* war thei, & no mo.

This was the lady, of qwhome befor I tolde,
That lancilot haith in to hir kepinge holde;
But for to tell his paſing hewyneſſe,
His peyne, his ſorow, and his gret diſtreſſe
Of preſone and of loues gret ſuppris,
It war to long to me for to dewys.
When he reme*m*brith one his hewy charge
Of loue, wharof he can hyme not diſcharge,
He wepith and he ſorowith in his chere,
And euery nyght ſemyth hyme o yere.
Gret peite was the ſorow that he maad,
And to hyme ſelf apone this wiß he ſaade:

"Qwhat haue y gilt, allace! or qwhat deſe*r*uit?
That thus myne hart ſhal vondit ben & carwit
One by the ſuord of double peine and wo?
My comfort and my pleſans is ago,
To me is nat that ſhuld me glaid reſeruit.

I curß the tyme of myne Natiuitee,
Whar in the heuen It ordinyd was for me,
In all my lyue neu*er* til haue eeß;
But for to be example of diſeß,
And that apperith that eu*ery* vicht may see.

Sen thelke tyme that I had ſufficians
Of age, and chargit thoght*is* ſufferans,
Nor neu*er* I *con*tinewite haith o day
With-out the payne of thoght*is* hard aſſay;
Thus goith my youth in tempeſt & penans.

[1] MS. "whare that," "that" deleted.

And now my body is In preſone broght;
[Fol. 10.] Bot of my wo, that in Regard is noght,
The wich myne hart felith euer more.
O deth, allace! whi hath yow me forbore
That of remed haith the ſo long beſoght!"

Thus neu*er*emore he feſith to compleine,
This woful knyght that felith not bot peine,
So prekith hyme the ſmert of loues ſore,
And eu*er*y day encreſſith more and more.
And with this lady takine is alſo
And kepit whar he may no whare go
To haunt knychthed, the wich he moſt deſirit;
And, thus his hart w*ith* dowbil wo yfirite,
We lat hyme duel here with the lady ſtill,
Whar he haith laiſere for to compleine his fyll.

And galiot in this meyne tyme he laie
By ſtrong myght o caſtell to aſſay,
With many engyne and diu*er*ß wais fere,
For of fute folk he had a gret powere
That bowis bur, and vther Inſtrument*is*,
And with them lede ther palȝonis & ther te*nt*is,
With mony o ſtrong chariot and cher
With yrne qwhelis and barris long & ſqwar;
Well ſtuffit with al maner apparell
That longith to o ſege or to batell;
Whar with his oſt was cloſit al about,
That of no ſtrenth nedith hyme to dout.
And when he hard the cu*m*yne of the king,
And of his oſt, and of his gaderyng,
The wich he reput but of febil myght
Ayanis hyme for to ſuſten the ficht,
His conſell holl aſſemblit he, but were,
Ten king*is* with other lord*is* fere,
And told them of the cu*m*ing of the king,
And aſkit them there conſell of that thing.

Hyme thoght that it his worſchip wold degrade,
If he hyme ſelf in p*r*opir p*er*ſone raide
Enarmyt ayane ſo few menye
As It was told arthur fore to bee;
And thane the kyng An hunde*r*eth kny*chtis* cold,
(And ſo he hot, for neue*r*more he wolde
Ryd of his lond, but In his cu*m*pany
O hundyre knyght*is* ful of chiuellry),
[Fol 10 *b*.] He ſaith, "ſhir, ande I one hond tak,
If It you pleß, this Iorney ſhal I mak."
Quod galiot, "I grant It yow, but ye
Shal firſt go ryd, yone kny*chtis* oſt & see."
With-outen more he ridith our the plan,
And ſaw the oſt, and is returnyd ayañ;
And callit them mo than he hade ſen, for why
He dred the repreſe of his cumpany.
And to his lord apone this wys ſaith hee,
"Shir, ten thouſand y ges them for to bee."
And galiot haith chargit hyme to tak
Als fell folk, and for the feld hyme mak.
And ſo he doith and haith them wel Arayt.
Apone the morne his banaris war diſplayt.
Up goth the trumpet*is* with the clariou*n*s,
Ayaine the feld blawen furth ther ſownis;
Furth goth this king w*ith* al his oſt anon.
Be this the word wes to king arthur gone,
That knew no thing, nor wiſt of ther entent,
But ſone his folk ar one to armys went;
But arthur by Report hard saye
How galiot non armys bur that day,
Wharfor he thoght of armys nor of ſheld
None wald he tak, nor mak hyme for the feld.
But gawane haith he clepit, was hyme by,
In qwhome Rignith the flour of cheuelry,
And told one what man*er*, and one what wyß
He ſhuld his batelles ordand and dewys,

Beſeching hyme, wiſly to for-see
Aȝaine thei folk, wich was far mo than hee.
He knew the charg, and paſſith one his way
Furth to his horß, and makiṫ no dulay;
The clariou*n*is blew, and furth goth al onoñ,
And our ye watt*er* and the furd ar goñe.
Within o playne vpone that other ſyd
Ther gawan gon his batellis to dewide,
As he wel couth, and set them i*n* aray,
Syne with o manly contynans can ſay,
"Ye falowis wich of the round table beñ,
Through al this erth whois fam is hard & ſen,
Reme*m*brith now It ſtondith one the poynt,
For why It lyith one your ſperis poynt,[1]
[Fol. 11.] The well fare of the king and of our londe;
And ſen the ſucour lyith in your honde,
And hardement is thing ſhall moſt awaill
Frome deth ther men of armys in bataill,
Lat now your ma*n*hed and your hie curage
The pryd of al thir multitude aſſuage.
Deth or defence, non other thing we wot."
This freſch king, that maleginis was hot,
With al his oſt he cu*m*myne our the plañ,
And gawan ſend o batell hyme agañ
In myde the berde, and feſtinit in the ſtell
The ſperithis poynt, that bitith ſcharp & well;
Bot al to few thei war, and my*ch*t no*ch*t left
This gret Rout that cu*m*myth one ſo faſt.
Than haith ſi*r* gawan ſend, them to ſupport,
One othir batell with one kny*ch*tly ſorte,
And ſyne the thrid, and ſyne the ſerde alſo;
And ſyne hyme ſelf one to the feld can go,
When that he ſauch thar latt*er* batell ſteir,
And the ten thouſand cu*m*myne al thei veir;

[1] At the bottom of this page appears for the first time a catchword, which is—"The wel fare."

Qwhar that of armes prewit he so well,
His e*n*nemys gane his mortall [ſtrokis][1] fell.
He goith ymong them in his hie curage,
As he that had of knyghthed the wſage,
And couth hyme weill *con*ten i*n* to on hour;
Aȝaine his ſtrok reſiſtit non armour;
And mony kny*ch*t, that worth ware and bolde,
War thore with hyme of arthur*is* houſhold,
And knyghtly gan one to the feld them bere,
And mekil wroght of armys In to were;
S*ir* gawan than vpone ſuch wyß hyme bure,
This othere goith al to diſcu*m*fitoure;
Sewyne thouſand fled, & of the feld thei go,
Whar of this king in to his hart was wo,
For of hyme ſelf he was of hie curage.
To galiot than ſend he in meſag,
That he ſhuld help his folk for to defende;
And he to hyme hath xxx^{te} thousand sende;
Whar of this king gladith in his hart,
And thinkith to Reweng all the ſmart
[Fol. 11 *b*.] That he to for haith ſuffirit and the payne.
And al his folk returnyt Is ayayne
Atour the feld, and cu*m*myne thilk as haill;[2]
The ſwyft horß goith firſt to the aſſall.
This noble knyght that ſeith the g*r*ete forß
Of armyt men, that cu*m*myne vpone horß,
To-giddir ſemblit al his falowſchip,
And thoght them at the ſharp poynt to kep,
So that thar harm̃ ſhal be ful deir yboght.
This vthere folk with ſtraucht courß hath ſocht
Out of aray atour the larg felld;
Thar was the ſtrok*is* feſtnit i*n* the ſhelde,
Thei war Reſauit at the ſper*is* end;
So arthur*is* folk can manfully defend;

[1] Professor Skeat's suggested insertion.
[2] MS. "thilk as (Rayne) haill."

The formeſt can thar lyues end conclude,
Whar ſone aſſemblit al the multitude.
Thar was defens, ther was gret aſſaill,
Richt wonderfull and ſtrong was ye bataill,
Whar arthuris folk ſuſtenit mekil payn,
And knychtly them defendit haith aȝaine.
Bot endur thei mycht, apone no wyß,
The multitude and ek the gret ſupprißs;
But gawan, wich that ſetith al his payn
Vpone knyghthed, defendid ſo aȝaine,
That only in the manhede of this knyght
His folk reIoſit them of his gret myght,
And ek abaſit hath his ennemys;
For throw the feld he goith in ſuch wyß,
And in the preß ſo manfully them ſeruith,
His ſuerd atwo the helmys al to-kerwith,
The hedis of he be the ſhoulderis ſmat;
The horß goith, of the maiſter deſolat.
But what awalith al his beſynes,
So ſtrong and ſo inſufferable vas the preß?
His folk are paſſit atour the furdis ilkon,
Towart thar bretis and to ther luges gon;
Whar he and many worthy knyght alſo
Of arthuris houß endurit mekill wo,
That neuer men mar in to armys vroght
Of manhed, ȝit was It al for noght.
[Fol. 12.] Thar was the ſtrenth, ther was the paſing myght
Of gawan, wich that whill the dirk nyght
Befor the luges faucht al hyme aloñ,
When that his falowis entrit ware ilkoñ.
On arthuris half war mony tan and ſlan;
And galotis folk Is hame returnyd aȝaine,
For it was lait; away the oſtis ridith,
And gawan ȝit apone his horß abidith,
With ſuerd in hond, when thei away var gon,
And so for-wrocht hys lymmys ver ilkon,

And wondit ek his body vp and doune,
Vpone his horſs Right thore he fel in ſwoune;
And thei hyme tuk & to his lugyne bare,
Boith king and qwen of hyme vare i*n* diſpare,
For thei ſuppoſit, throw marwellis that he vroght,
He had hyme ſelf to his confuſiou*n*e broght.
[T]his was nere by of melyhalt, the hyll,
Whar lanſcelot ȝit was w*ith* the lady ſtill.
The kny*cht*is of the court paſing hom̃e;
This ladiis kny*cht*is to hir palice[1] com,
And told to hir, how that the feld was vent,
And of gawan, and of his hardyme*n*t,
That merwell was his manhed to behold;
And ſone thir tithing*is* to the kny*cht* vas told,
That was with wo and hewyneſs oppreſt,
So noyith hyme his ſuiorne and his reſt;
And but dulay one for o kny*cht* he send,
That was moſt ſpeciall with the lady kend.
He comyne, and the kny*cht* vn to hyme ſaid,
"Diſpleſs yow not, *ſir*, be ȝhe not ill paid,
So homly thus I yow exort to go,
To gare my lady ſpek o word or two
With me, that am a carful p*re*ſonere."[2]
"S*ir*, your co*m*mande y ſhall, w*ith*outen were,
Fulfill;" and to his lady paſſit hee
In lawly wyſs beſiching hir, that ſhe
Wald grant hyme to pas at his requeſt,
Vnto hir kny*cht*, ſtood wnd*er* hir areſt;
And ſhe, that knew al gentilleſs aright,
Furth to his chamber paſſit wight the licht.
[Fol. 12 *b*.] And he aroſs and ſaluſt Curtaſly
The lady, and ſaid, "madem, her I,
Your preſoner, beſekith yow that ȝhe
Wold merſy and compaſſione have of me,

[1] "gone" scored out. [2] MS. "preſone*r*ere."

And mak the ranſone wich that I may yeif;
I waiſt my tyme in presoune thus to leife.
For why I her on be report be told,
That arthur, with the flour of his houſholde,
Is cummyne here, and in this cuntre lyis,
And ſtant In danger of his ennemyis;
And haith aſſemblit, and efter this ſhalt bee
Within ſhort tyme one new aſſemblee.
Thar for, my lady, y youe grace beſech;
That I mycht pas, my Ranſon for to fech;
Fore I preſume thar longith to that ſort
That louid me, and ſhal my nede ſupport."
"Shire knycht, It ſtant nocht in ſich dugree;
It is no ranſone wich that cauſith me
To holden yow, or don yow ſich offens,
It is your gilt, It is your wiolens,
Whar of that I deſir no thing but law,
Without report your awñ treſpas to knaw."
"Madem, your pleſance may ye wel fulfill
Of me, that am in preſone at your will.
Bot of that gilt, I was for til excuß,
For that I did of werrey nede behwß,
It tuechit to my honore and my fame;
I mycht nocht lefe It but hurting of my nam,
And ek the knycht was mor to blam than I.
But ye, my lady, of your curteſſy,
Wold ȝe deden my Ransoune to reſaue,
Of preſone ſo I my libertee myght haue,
Y ware ȝolde euermore your knyght,
Whill that I leif, with al my holl myght.
And if ſo be ye lykith not to ma
My ranſone, if me leif to ga
To the aſſemble, wich ſal be of new;
And as that I am feithful knycht & trew,
At nycht to yow I enter ſhall aȝaine,
But if that deth or other lat certañ,

Throw wich I have ſuch Impediment,
[Fol. 13.] That I be hold,[1] magre myne entent."
"Sir knycht," quod ſhe, "I grant yow leif, withthy
Your name to me that ȝe wil ſpecify."
"Madem, as ȝit, ſutly I ne may
Duclar my name, one be no maner way;
But I promyt, als faſt as I haue tyme
Conuenient, or may vith-outen cryme,
I ſhall;" and than the lady ſaith hyme tyll,
"And I, ſchir knycht, one this condiſcione will
Grant yow leve, ſo that ye obliſt bee
For to Return, as ye haue ſaid to me."
Thus thei accord, the lady goith to reſt;
The ſone diſcending cloſit in the veſt.
The ferd day was dewyſit for to bee
Betuex the oftis of the aſſemblee.
And galiot Richt arly by the day,
Ayane the feld he can his folk aray;
And fourty thouſand armyt men haith he,
That war not at the othir aſſemble,
Commandit to the batell for to gon;
"And I my ſelf," quod he, "ſhal me diſpone
On to the feild aȝaine the thrid day;
Whar of this were we ſhal the end aſſay."
And arthuris folk that come one euery ſyd,
He for the feld can them for to prouide,
Wich ware to few aȝaine the gret affere
Of galiot ȝit to ſuſten the were.
The knychtis al out of the cete roſs
Of melyholt, and to the ſemble gois.
And the lady haith, in to ſacret wyſs,
Gart for hir knycht and preſoner dewyſs
In red al thing, that ganith for the were;
His curſeir red, ſo was boith ſcheld & ſpere.

[1] MS. "behold."

& he, to qwham the preſone hath ben ſmart,
With glaid deſir apone his curſour ſtart;
Towart the feld anon he gan to ryd,
And in o plan houit one reu*er* syde.
This kny*cht*, the wich that long haith ben i*n* cag,
He grew in to o freſch & new curage,
Seing the morow bly*th*full and amen,
The med, the Reuer, and the vodis gren,
The kny*chtis* in armys them arayinge,
[Fol. 13 *b*.] The baner*is* ayaine the feld diſplayng.
His 3outh in ſtrenth and in pr*o*ſperytee,
And ſyne of luſt the gret aduerſytee,
Thus in his tho*cht* reme*m*bryng at the laſt,
Eſte*r*ward one ſyd he gan his Ey to caſt,
Whar our a bertes[1] lying haith he sen
Out to the feld luking was the qwen;
Sudandly with that his goſt aſtart
Of loue anone haith caucht hyme by the hart;
Than ſaith he, "How long ſhall It be so,
Loue, at yow ſhall wirk me al this wo?
Apone this wyß to be Infortunat,
Hir for to ſe*r*ue the wich thei no thing wate
What ſufferance I in hir wo endure,
Nor of my wo, nor of myne aduenture?
And I wnworthy ame for to attane
To hir p*rese*ns, nor dare I noght complane.
Bot, hart, ſen at yow knawith ſhe is here,
That of thi lyue and of thi deith is ſtere,
Now is thi tyme, now help thi ſelf at neid,
And the dewod of eu*er*y point of dred,
That cowardy be none In to the señ,
Fore and yow do, yow knowis thi peyne, I weyn;
Yow art wnable eu*er* to attane
To hir mercy, or cum be ony mayne.

[1] MS. "abertes."

Tharfor y red hir thonk at yow diſſerue,
Or in hir *preſens* lyk o kny*cht* to ſterf."
With that confuſit *with* an hewy tho*cht*,
Wich ner his deith ful oft tyme haith hyme ſo*cht*,
Deuoydit was his sprit*is* and his goſt,
He wiſt not of hyme ſelf nor of his oſt;
Bot one his horß, als ſtill as ony ſton.
When that the kny*chtis* armyt war ilkon,
To warnnyng them vp goith the bludy ſown,
And eu*ery* knyght vpone his horß is bown,
Twenty thouſand armyt men of were.
The king that day he wold non armys bere;
His batell*is* ware deuyſit eu*er*ilkon,
And them forbad out our the furd*is* to gon.
Bot frome that thei ther ennemys haith sen,
In to ſuch wys thei cout*h* them noght ſuſteñ;
[Fol. 14.] Bot ovr thei went vithouten more delay,
And can them one that oy*er* sid aſſay.
The red kny*cht* ſtill in to his hewy thoght
Was hufyng ȝit apone the furd, & noght
Wiſt of hime ſelf; with that a harrold com,
And ſone the kny*cht* he be the brydill nom,
Sayng, "awalk! It is no tyme to ſlep;
Your worſchip more expedient vare to kep."
No word he ſpak, ſo prikith hyme the ſmart
Of hevynes, that ſtood vnto his hart.
Two ſcrewis cam with that, of quhich oñ
The kny*chtis* ſheld ry*cht* frome his hals haith toñ;
That vthir watt*er* takith atte laſt,
And in the kny*chtis* wentail haith It caſt;
When that he felt the vatt*er* that vas cold,
He wonk, and gan about hyme to behold,
And thinkith how he ſumquhat haith myſgoñ.
With that his ſpere In to his hand haith ton,
Goith to the feild *with*outen vordis more;
So was he vare whare that there cam before,

O manly man he was in to al thing,
And clepit was the firſt conqueſt king.
The Red kny*cht* w*ith* ſpur*is* ſmat the ſted,
The tother cam, that of hyme hath no drede;
With ferſs curag ben the kny*chtis* met,
The king his ſpere apone the kny*cht* hath set,
That al in peciſs flaw in to the felde;
His hawbrek helpit, ſuppos he had no ſcheld;
And he the king in to the ſcheld haith ton,
That horſs and man boith to the erd ar gon.
Than to the kny*cht* he cu*mm*yth, that haith tan
His ſheld, to hyme deliu*ẽ*rith It ayane,
Beſiching hyme that of his Ignorance
That knew hyme nat, as takith no grewance.
The kny*cht* h*is* ſche[l]d but mor delay haith tak,
And let hyme go, and no thing to hyme ſpak.
That thei the[1] wich that ſo at erth haith ſen
Ther lord, the firſt conqueſt king, y meñ,
In haiſt thei cam, as that thei var agrevit,
And manfully thei haith ther king Releuit.
[A]nd Arthuris folk, that lykith not to byde,
In goith the spur*is* in the ſted*is* syde;
[Fol. 14 *b*.] To-giddir thar aſſemblit al the oſt,
At whois meting many o kny*cht* was loſt.
The batell was richt crewell to behold,
Of kny*chtis* wich that haith there lyvis ȝolde.
One to the hart the ſpere goith throw the ſcheld,
The kny*chtis* gaping lyith in the feld.
The red kny*cht*, byrnyng in loues fyre,
Goith to o kny*cht*, als ſwift as ony vyre,
The wich he perſit throuch & throuch the hart;
The ſpere is went; w*ith* that anon he ſtart,
And out o ſuerd in to his hond he tais;
Lyk to o lyone in to the feld he gais,

[1] MS. "thee" with second e scored out.

In to his Rag ſmyting to and fro
Fro ſum the arm, fro ſum the nek in two,
Sum in the feild lying is in ſwou*n*,
And ſum his ſuerd goith to the belt al douñe.
For qwhen that he beholdith to the qwen,
Who had ben thore his manhed to haue sen,
His doing in to armys and his myght,
Shold[1] ſay in world war not ſuch o wight.
His falouſchip siche comfort of his dede
Haith ton, that thei ther ennemys ne dreid;
But can them self ay manfoly conten
In to the ſtour, that hard was to ſuſten;
For galyot was O paſing multitude
Of prewit men in armys that war gude,
The wich can w*ith* o freſch curag aſſaill
Ther ennemys that day In to batell;
That ne ware not the vorſchip & manhede
Of the red kny*cht*, in p*er*ell and in dreid
Arthur*is* folk had ben, vith-outen vere;
Set thei var good, thei var of ſmal powere.
And gawan, wich gart bryng hyme ſelf beſor
To the bertes, set he was vondit sore,
Whar the qwen vas, and whar that he my*cht* see
The manere of the oſt and aſſemble;
And when that he the gret manhed haith sen
Of the red kny*cht*, he ſaith one to the qwen,
"Madem, ȝone knyght in to the armys Rede,
Nor neu*er* I hard nore[2] ſaw in to no ſted
O kny*cht*, the wich that in to ſchortar ſpace
In armys haith mor forton nore mor grace;
Nore bettir doith boith with ſper and ſcheild,
[Fol. 15.] He is the hed and comfort of our feild."
"Now, ſ*ir*, I traiſt that neu*er* more vas ſen,
Ne man in feild more knyghtly hyme co*n*ten;

[1] MS. "shlold" with "l" scored out.
[2] "never" deleted before saw.

I pray to hyme that eu*er*y thing hath cure,
Saif hyme fro deth or wykit aduenture."
The feild It was ry*ch*t p*er*ellus and ſtrong
On boith the ſydis, and continewit long,
Ay from the ſone the varld*is* face gan licht
Whill he was gone & cu*m*yne vas the nycht;
And than o forß thei my*ch*t It not afſtart,
On eu*er*y ſyd behouit them depart.
The feild is don and ham goith eu*er*y kny*ch*t,
And prevaly, unwiſt of any wicht,
The way the red kny*ch*t to the cete taiis,
As he had hecht, & in h*is* chambre gais.
When arthure hard how the kny*ch*t Is gon,
He blamyt ſore his lordis eu*er*ilk one;
And oft he haith remembrit in his thoght,
What multitud that galiot had broght;
Seing his folk that ware so ewil arayt,
In to his mynd he ſtondith al affrayt,
And ſaith, "I traiſt ful ſuth It ſal be founde
My drem Richt as the clerk*is* gan expound;
For why my men failȝeis now at neid,
My ſelf, my londe, in p*er*ell and in dreide."
And galiot vpone hie worſchip set,
And his conſell anon he gart be fet,
To them he ſaith, "with arthur weil ȝe see
How that It ſtant, and to qwhat degre,
Aȝanis ws that he is no poware;
Wharfor, me think, no worſchip to ws ware
In conqueryng of hyme, nor of his londe,
He haith no ſtrenth, he may ws not vithſtonde.
Wharfor, me think, It beſt is to delay,
And reſput hyme for a tuelmoñeth day,
Whill that he may aſſemble al his myght;
Than is mor worſchip aȝanis hyme to ficht;"

And thus concludit, thoght hyme for the beſt.
The very kny*chtis* paſſing to there Reſt.
Of melyholt the ladeis kny*chtis* ilkone
Went home, and to hir p*reſe*ns ar thei gon;
At qwhome ful ſone than gan ſcho to Inquere,
And al the maner of the oſt*is* till spere;
How that It went, and in what man*er* wyß,
Who haith moſt worſchip, & who is moſt to pryß?
[Fol. 15b.] "Madem," q*uo*d thei, "O kny*cht* was In the feild,
Of Red was al his armour and his ſheld,
Whois manhed can al otheris to exced,
May nan report in armys half his deid;
Ne wor his worſchip, ſhortly to conclud,
Our folk of help had ben al deſtitud.
He haith the thonk, the vorſchip in hyme lyis,
That we the feld defendit in ſich wyß."
The lady thane one to hir ſelf haith[1] tho*cht*,
"Whether Is ȝone my p*reſ*onar, ore noght?
The ſuthfaſtneß that ſhal y wit onon."
When euery wight vn to ther Reſt war gon,
She clepith one hir cwſynes ful nere
Wich was to hir moſt ſpeciall and dere,
And ſaith to hir, "qwheyar if yone bee
Our preſoner, my consell Is we see."
With that the maden In hir hand hath ton
O torche, and to the ſtabille ar thei gon;
And ſond his ſted lying at the ground,
Wich wery was, ywet w*ith* mony wounde.
The maden ſaith, "vpone this horß is ſen,
He in the place quhar strok*is* was hath beñ;
And ȝhit the horß It is no*cht* wich that hee
Furt*h* w*ith* hyme hade;"—the lady ſaid, "p*er* dee,

[1] "soght" partially written and scored out.

He vſyt haith mo horß than one or two;
I red one to his armys at we go."
Tharwith one to his armys ar thei went;
Thei fond his helm, thei fond his hawbrek rent,
Thei fond his ſcheld was fruſchit al to no*ch*t;
At ſchort, his armour In sich wyß vas vro*ch*t
In eu*er*y place, that no thing was left haill,
Nore neu*er* eft accordith to bataill.
Than ſaith the lady to hir cuſyneß,
"What ſal we ſay, what of this mat*er* geß?"
"Madem, I ſay, thei have no*ch*t ben abwsyt;
He that them bur, ſchortly, he has them vſyt."
"That may ȝe ſay, ſuppos the beſt that lewis,
Or moſt of worſchip in til armys prewis,
Or ȝhit haith ben in ony tyme beforn̄,
Had them in feld in his maſt curag born̄."
"Now," q*uo*d the lady, "will we paß, and see
The kny*ch*t hyme self, and ther the fut*h* may we
[Fol. 16.] Knaw of this thing." Incontynent them boith
Thir ladeis vn to his chambre goith.
The kny*ch*t al wery fallyng was on ſlep;
This maden paſſith In, & takith kep.
Sche ſauch his breſt w*ith* al his ſchowd*er*is bare,
That bludy war and woundit her and thare;
His face was al to hurt and al to ſchent,
His newis ſwellyng war and al to Rent.
Sche ſmylyt a lyt, and to hir lady ſaid,
"It ſemyth weill this kny*ch*t hath ben aſſaid."
The lady ſauch, and rewit in hir thoght
The kny*ch*tis worſchip wich that he haith vroght.
In hire Reme*m*brance loues fyre dart
W*ith* hot deſyre hir ſmat one to the hart;
And then a quhill, w*ith*-outen word*is* mo,
In to hir mynd thinking to and fro,
She ſtudeit ſo, and at the laſt abraid
Out of hir tho*ch*t, and ſudandly thus ſaid,

"*Wit*h-draw," q*uo*d ſhe, "one ſyd a lyt[1] the lyght,
Or that I paß that I may kyß the knyght."
"Madem," q*uo*d ſche, "what is It at ȝe meñ?
Of hie worſchip our mekill have ȝe ſeñ
So sone to be ſupp*ri*ſit w*it*h o thoght.
What is It at ȝhe think? p*re*ſwm ȝe noght
That if yon kny*ch*t wil walkin, and p*er*ſaif,
He ſhal yarof no thing bot ewill conſaif;
In his entent Ruput yow therby
The ablare to al ly*ch*tneß and foly?
And blam the more al vther*is* in h*is* mynd,
If your gret wit in ſich deſire he fynde?"
"Nay," q*uo*d the lady, "no thing may I do
For ſich o kny*ch*t may be defam me to."
"Madem, I wot that for to loue yone kny*ch*t,
Conſidir his fame, his worschip, and h*is* my*ch*t;
And to begyne as worſchip wil dewyß,
Syne he ayaine my*ch*t lowe yow one ſuch wyß,
And hold yow for his lady and his loue,
It war to yow no maner of Reprwe.
But qwhat if he appelit be and thret,
His hart to lowe and ellis whar yſet?
And wel y wot, madem, if It be so,
His hart hyme sal not ſuffir to loue two,
[Fol. 16 *b*.] For noble hart wil have no dowbilneß;
If It be ſo, ȝhe tyne yowr low, I geß;
Than is your ſelf, than is your loue Refuſit,
Your fam is hurt, your gladneß is concluſit.
My conſell is, therfore, you to abſten
Whill that to yow the werray Ry*ch*t be ſeñ
Of his entent, the wich ful ſon ȝhe may
Have knawlag, If yow lykith to aſſay."
So mokil to hir lady haith ſhe vroght
That at that tyme ſhe haith Ret*ur*nyt h*er* tho*ch*t,

[1] MS. "alyt."

And to hir chambre went, w*ith*outen more,
Whar loue of new aſſaith hir ful sore.
So well long thei ſpeking of the kny*cht*,
Hir cuſynace hath don al at ſhe my*cht*
For to expel that thing out of hir tho*cht*; 1270
It wil not be, hir labour Is for no*cht*.
Now leif we hir In to hir neweſt pan,
And to arthur we wil retwrn agañ.

EXPLICIT P*RIMUS* LIBER,
INCIPIT ſECUND*US*.

The clowdy nyght, wndir whois obſcure
The reſt and quiet of euery creatur
Lyith ſauf; quhare the goſt *with* beſyneſs
Is occupiit, *with* thoghtfull hewynes,
And, for that tho*ch*t furth ſchewing vil h*is* my*ch*t,
Go fare wel reſt and quiet of the ny*ch*t.
Artur, I meyne, to whome that reſt is no*ch*t,
But al the ny*ch*t ſuppriſit is with tho*ch*t;
In to his bed he turnyth to and fro,
Remembryng the apperans of his wo,
That is to ſay, his deith, his confuſioune,
And of his realme the opin diſtruccioune,
That in his wit he can no thing p*ro*wide,
Bot tak his forton thar for to abyd.
Vp goith the ſon, vp goith the hot morow;
The thoghtful king al the ny*ch*t to ſorow,
[Fol. 17.] That ſauch the day, vpone his feit he ſtart,
And furth he goith, diſtrublit in his hart.
A quhill he walkith in his penſyf goſt,
So was he ware thar cu*mm*yne to the oft
O clerk, with whome he was aqwynt befor,
In to his tyme non bett*er* was ybore;
Of qwhois com he gretly vas Reioſit,
For in to hyme ſum comfort he ſuppoſit;
Betuex them was one hartly affeccioune.
Non orde*r*is had he of Relegioune,
Fam*us* he was, and of gret excellence,
And ry*ch*t exp*er*t in al the vij. ſcience;
Contemplatif and chaſt in gou*er*nance,
And clepit was the maiſt*er* amytans.

Thé king befor his palȝou*n*e one the gren,
That knew hyme well, & haith his cu*m*myn ſeñ,
Velcu*m*myt hyme, and maid hyme ry*ch*t gud chere,
And he agan, agrewit as he were,
Saith, "nothir of thi ſaloſing, nor the,
Ne rak I no*ch*t, ne charg I no*ch*t," q*uo*d hee.
Than q*uo*d the king, "maiſt*er*, & for what why
Ar ȝhe agrewit? or quhat treſſpas have I
Co*m*mytit, ſo that I ſhal yow diſples?"
Quod he, "no thing It is ayane myn eß,
But only *con*trare of thi ſelf alway;
So ſare the courß yow paſſith of the way,
Thi ſchip, that goth apone the ſtormy vall,
Ney of thi careldis in the ſwelf it fall,
Whar ſhe almoſt is in the p*er*ell drent;
That is to ſay, yow art ſo far myſwent
Of wykitneß vpone the vrechit dans,
That yow art fallyng in the storng vengans
Of goddis wreth, that ſhal the ſon deuour;
For of his ſtrok approchit now the hour
That boith thi Ringe, thi ceptre, & thi crovñ,
Frome hie eſtat he ſmyting ſhal adoune.
And that accordith well, for in thi tho*ch*t
Yow knawith not hyme, the wich that haith the wro*ch*t,
And ſet the vp in to this hie eſtat
From powert; for, as the-ſelwyne wat,
It cu*m*myth al bot only of his myght,
And not of the, nor of thi elde*r*is Richt
To the diſcending, as in heritage,
For yow was not byget in to spouſag.
[Fol. 17 *b*.] Wharfor yow aucht his biding to obſerf,
And at thy my*ch*t yow ſhuld hyme pleß & ſerf;
That dois yow nat, for yow art ſo confuſſit
With this fals warld, that thow haith hyme Refuſit,
And brokine haith his reul and ordynans,
The wich to the he gave in gou*er*nans.

He maid the king, he maid the gouernour,
He maid the ſo, and ſet in hie honour
Of Realmys and of peplis fere;
Eſter his loue thow ſhuld them Reul & ſtere,
And wnoppreſſit kep in to Iuſtice,
The wykit men and pwnyce for ther wice.
Yow dois no thing, bot al in the contrare,
And ſuffrith al thi puple to forfare;
Yow haith non Ey bot one thyne awn delyt,
Or quhat that pleſing ſhall thyne appetyt.
In the defalt of law and of Iuſtice,
Wndir thi hond is ſufferyt gret ſuppriß
Of faderleß, and modirleß alſo,
And wedwis ek ſuſtenit mekill wo.
With gret myſchef oppreſſit ar the pure;
And thow art cauß of al this hol Iniure,
Whar-of that god a raknyng ſal craf
At the, and a ſore Raknyng ſal hafe;
For thyne eſtat is gewyne to Redreß
Thar ned, and kep them to rychtwyſneß;
And thar is non that ther complantis heris;
The mychty folk, and ek the flattereris
Ar cheif with the, and doith this oppreſſioun;
If thai complen, It is ther confuſſioune.
And daniell ſaith that who doith to the pure,
Or faderleß, or modirleß, EnIure,
Or to the puple, that ilke to god doth hee;
And al this harme ſuſtenit Is throw the.
Yow ſufferith them, oppreſſith & anoyith;
So yow art cauß, throw the thei ar diſtroyth;
Than, at thi mycht, god ſo diſtroys yow.
What ſhal he do ayane? quhat ſhal yow,
When he diſtroys by vengance of his ſuerd
The ſynaris fra the vysagis of the Erde?
Than vtraly yow ſhall diſtroyt bee;
And that Richt weill apperis now of thee,

For yow allon byleft art folitere,
And the wyß salamon can duclar,
'Wo be to hyme that is byleft alone,
[Fol. 18.] He haith no help;' so Is thi forton goñe;
For he is callit, with quhom that god is nocht,
Allone; and ſo thi wykitneß haith wrocht
That god hyme ſelf he is bycummyn thi ſo,
Thi pupleis hartis haith thow tynt alſo;
Thi wykitneß thus haith the maid alon,
That of this erth thi fortone Is ygoñ.
Yow mone thi lyf, yow mone thi vorſchip tyne,
And eft to deth that neuer ſhal haf ſyne."
"Maiſter," quod he, "of yowre beneuolens,
Y yow beſech that tueching myn offens,
Ȝhe wald wichſaif your conſell to me If
How I ſal mend, and ek her eftir leif."
"Now," quod the maiſter, "and I have merwell qwhy
Yow aſkith conſail, and wil in non affy,
Nor wyrk thar-by; and ȝhit yow may In tym,
If yow lykith to amend the cryme."
"Ȝhis," ſaith the king, "and ſuthfaſtly I will
Ȝour ordynans in euery thing fulfyll."
"And if the liſt at conſail to abide,
The remed of thi harme to prouyde—
Firſt, the begyning is of ſapiens,
To dreid the lord and his magnificens;
And what thow haith in contrar hyme ofendit,
Whill yow haith mycht, of fre deſir amend it;[1]
Repent thi gilt, repent thi gret treſpaß,
And remembir one goddis richwyſneß;
How or to hyme that wykitneß anoyt,
And how the way of ſynaris he diſtroit;
And if ye lyk to ryng wnder his peß,
Ye wengans of his mycht hond yow ſeß,

[1] MS. "amendit."

This ſchalt yow do, if yow wil be perfit.
Firſt, mone yow be penitent and contrit
Of euery thing that tuechith thi conſiens,
Done of fre will, or ȝhit of neglygens.
Thi neid requirith ful contretioune,
Princepaly with-out concluſioune;
With humble hart and goſtly byſyneß,
Syne ſhalt yow go deuotly the confeß
Ther of vnto ſum haly conffessour,
That the wil conſail tueching thin arour;
And to fulfill his will and ordynans,
In ſatiffaccione and doing of penans,
And to amend al wrang and al Iniure,
By the ydone til euery Creature;
[Fol. 18 b.] If yow can In to thi hart fynde,
Contretioune well degeſt In to thi mynd.
Now go thi weie, for if it leful were,
Confeſſioune to me, I ſhuld It here."
Than arthur, Richt obedient & mek,
In to his wit memoratyve can ſeik
Of euery[1] gilt wich that he can pens,
Done frome he paſſith the ȝeris of Innocens;
And as his maiſter hyme commandit hade,
He goith and his confeſſione haith he maad
Richt deuotly with lementable chere;
The maner wich quho lykith for to here
He may It fynd In to the holl romans,
Off confeſſione o paſing cercumſtans.
I can It not, I am no confeſſour,
My wyt haith ewil conſat of that labour,
Quharof I wot I aucht repent me ſore.
The king wich was confeſſit, what is more,
Goith and til his maiſter tellith hee,
How euery ſyne In to his awn degree

[1] "thing" scored out, "gilt" written above.

He shew, that mycht occuryng to his mynde.
"Now," quod the maiſtere, "left thow aght behynde
Of albenak the vorſchipful king ban,
The wich that vas in to my ſeruice ſlan,
And of his wif diſheriſt eft alſo?
Bot of ther ſone, the wich was them fro,
Ne ſpek y not;"—the king in his entent
Abaſyt was, and furthwith is he went
Ayane, and to his confeſſour declarith;
Syne to his maiſter he ayane Reparith,
To quhome he ſaith, "I aftir my cunyng
Your ordinans fulfillit in al thing;
And now right hartly y beſeich and prey,
Ȝhe wald withſchaif ſum thing to me ſay,
That may me comfort in my gret dreid,
And how my men ar falȝet in my Neid,
And of my dreme, the wich that is ſo dirk."
This maſter ſaith, "and thow art bound to virk
AT my conſail, and if yow has maad
Thi confeſſione, as yow before hath ſaid,
And in thi conciens thinkith perſeuere,
As I preſume that thow onon ſhalt here
That god hyme ſelf ſhal ſo for ye prouide,
Thow ſhal Remayne and In thi Ring abyd.
[Fol. 19.] And why thi men ar falȝet At this nede,
At ſhort this is the cauſs, ſhalt yow nocht dred,
Fore yow to gode was frawart and perwert;
Thi ryngne and the he thocht for to ſubwart;
And yow ſal knaw na power may reciſt,
In contrar quhat god lykith to affi[ſ]t.
The vertw nore the ſtrenth of victory
It cummyth not of man, bot anerly
Of hyme, the wich haith euery ſtrinth; & than,
If that the waiis pleſſit hyme of man,
He ſhal have forſs ayane his ennemys.
A-ryght agan apone the ſamyne vyſs,

If he diſpleſs vn to the lord, he ſhall
Be to his fais a ſubiet or a thrall,
As that we may In to the bible red,
Tueching the folk he tuk hyme ſelf to led
In to the lond, the wich he them byhicht.
Ay when thei ȝhed in to his ways Richt,
Ther fois gon befor there ſuerd to no*cht*;
And when that thei ayanis hyme hath vro*cht*,
Thei war ſo full of radur and diſſpare,
That of o leif fleing in the air,
The ſound of It haith gart o thouſand tak
At onys apone them ſelf the bak,
And al ther manhed vterly foryhet;
Sich dreid the lord apone ther hart*is* set.
So ſhalt yow know no powar may w*ith*ſtond,
Ther god hyme ſelf hath ton the cauſs on hond.
And ye quhy ſtant in thyne awn offens,
That al thi puple falȝhet off defens.
And ſum ar falȝeing magre ther entent;
Thei ar to quhom thow yewyne hath thi rent,
Thi gret Reuard, thi richeſs and thi gold,
And cheriſſith and held in thi houſhold.
Bot the moſt p*ar*t ar falȝheit the at wyll,
To quhome yow haith wnkyndneſs ſchawin till,
Wrong and i*n*Iure, and ek defalt of law,
And pwnyſing of qwich that thei ſtand aw;
And makith ſe*r*uice but reward or fee,
Syne haith no thonk bot fre*m*mytneſs of the.
Such folk to the cu*m*myth bot for dred,
Not of fre hart the for to help at nede.
And what awalith owthir ſheld or ſper,
Or horſs or armoure according for ye were,
[Fol. 19 *b*.] Vith-outen man them for to ſtere and led?
And man, yow wot, that vantith hart is ded,
That in to armys ſe*r*uith he of noght;
A cowart oft ful mekil harm haith vroght.

In multitude nore ȝhit in confluens
Of fich, is nowther manhed nore defens.
And ſo thow hath the rewlyt, that almoſt
Of al thi puple the hart*is* ben ylost
And tynt richt throw thyne awn myſgou*er*nans,
Of auerice and of thyne errogans.
What is o prince? quhat is o gou*er*noure
W*ith*outen fame of worſchip and honour?
What is his my*ch*t, ſuppos he be A lorde,
If that his folk ſal no*ch*t to hyme accorde?
May he his Rigne, may he his holl Empire
Suſten al only of his owne deſyre,
In ſerwyng of his wrechit appetit
Of awerice and of his awn delyt,
And hald his men, wncheriſt, in thraldome?
Nay! that ſhal ſone his hie eſtat conſome,
For many o kny*ch*t therby is broght ydoune,
All vt*er*aly to ther confuſioune:
For oft it makith vther king*is* by
To wer on them In traſt of victory;
And oft als throw his peple is diſtroyth,
That fyndith them agrewit or anoyth;
And god alſo oft w*ith* his awn ſwerd,
Punyſith ther wyſis one this erd.
Thus falith not o king but gou*er*nans,
Boith realme and he goith one to myſchans."

AS thai war thus ſpeking of this thinge,
Frome galiot cam two kny*ch*t*is* to the king;
That one the king of hund*er*eth kny*ch*t*is* was;
That other to nome the fyrst co*n*queſt king he[1] has,
As firſt that galyot conquerit of one.
The n*er*eſt way one to the king thei gon,
And vp he roß, as he that wel cout*h* do
Honor, to qwhome that It afferith to;

[1] MS. "kinghe," mistake of scribe for king he, cp. l. 2525 kinghis for king his.

And 3hit he wiſt not at thei king*is* were ;
So them thei boith and vyt*h* ry*ch*t knyghtly cher
Reu*er*endly thei faluſt hyme, and thane
The king of hund*er* knyght*is* he began
And ſaid hyme, "ſ*ir*, to 3ow my lord ws ſende,
[Fol. 20.] Galiot, whilk bad ws ſay he wende,
That of this world the vorthieſt king wor 3he,
Greteſt of men and of awtoritee ;
Wharof he has gret wond*er* that 3he ar
So feble cu*mm*yne In to his contrare,
For to defend your cuntre & your londe,
And knowith well 3he may hyme no*ch*t wi*th*ſtonde.
Wharfor he thinkith no worſchip to conquere,
Nore in the wer*is* more to p*er*ſyuere ;
Conſiddir yowr wakneß and your Indegens,
A3anis hyme as now to mak defens.
Wharfore, my lord haith grantit by vs here
Trewis to[1] yhow and reſput for o 3here,
If that yhow lykith by the 3her*is* ſpace
For to retwrn ayane In to this place,
Her to manteine yhour cuntre, and wi*th*ſtond
Hyme wi*th* the holl power of yhour lond.
And for the tyme the trewis ſhal endure,
Yhour cuntre and yhour lond he will aſſurre ;
And wit 3he 3hit his powar is no*ch*t here.
And als he bad ws ſay yhow by the yhere,
The gud kny*ch*t wich that the Red armys bure
And in the feild maid the diſcumfiture,
The whilk the flour of kny*ch*thed may be cold,
He thinkith hyme to haue of his houſhold."
"Well," q*uo*d the king, "I have hard quhat yhe ſay,
Bot if god will, and ek if that I may,
In to ſich wyß I think for to withſtond,
Yhour lord ſhall have no powar of my londe."

[1] MS. "yow" scored out and "yhow" substituted.

Of this meſag the king Reioſing haſs,
And of the trewis wich that grantit was,
Bot anoyt ȝhit of the knyc*h*t was he,
Wich thei awant to have in ſuch dogre.
Ther leif thei tuk; and when at thei war gon,
This maiſt*er* ſaith, "how lykith god diſpone!
Now may yhow ſe & ſuth is my recorde;
For by hyme now is makith this accord;
And by non vthir worldly p*ro*videns,
Sauf only grant of his bynewolans,
To ſe if that the lykith to amend,
And to p*ro*uid thi cuntre to defend.
Wharfor yow ſhalt in to thi lond home fair,
And gowerne the as that I ſhall declaire.
[Fol. 20 *b*.] Firſt, thi god with humble hart yow ſerſe,
And his comand at al thi myc*h*t obſerf;
And ſyne, lat paſs the ilk bleſſit wonde
Of lowe w*ith* m*er*cy Iuſtly throw thi londe;
And y beſeich—to quhome yow ſal direke
The rewle vpone, the wrang*is* to correk—
That yow be noc*h*t in thi electioune blynde;
For writin It Is and yow ſal trew It fynde,
That, be thei for to thonk or ell*is* blame,
(And towart god thi p*ar*t ſhal be the ſam̃;)
Of Ignorans ſhalt yow noc*h*t be excuſit,
Bot in ther werk*is* ſorly be accuſit,
For thow ſchuld eu*er* cheſs apone ſich wyſs
The mi*n*ſteris that rewll haith of Iuſtice:—
Firſt, that he be deſcret til wnd*er*ſtond
And lowe and ek the mat*er* of the londe;
And be of myc*h*t and ek Autoritee,
(For puple ay *con*tempnith low degre,)
And that of trouth he folow furth the way;
That is als mych as he louyth trewth alway,
And haitith al them the wich ſal pas therfro.
Syne, that he god dreid and lowe al-ſo.

Of auerice be war with the deſyre,
And of hyme full of haſtynes & fyre;
Be war thar for of malice and deſire,
And hyme alſo that lowith no medyre;[1]
For al thir abhomi*n*able was hold,
When Iuſtice was in to the tymis olde.
For qwho that is of an of thir by-know,
The leſt of them ſubu*er*tith al the low,
And makith It w[n]Iustly[2] to p*ro*cede;
Eſchew tharfor, for this ſal be thi meid
Apone the day when al thing goith aright,
Whar none excuſs hidyng ſchal ye lyght;
Bot he the Iug, that no man may ſuſſpek,
Eu*er*y thing ful Iuſtly ſal correk.
Be war thar w*ith*, as before have I told,
And cheſs them wyſly that thi low ſhal hold.
And als I will that it well oft be sen,
Richt to thi self how thei thi low *con*ten;
And how the Right, and how the dom is went,
For to Inquer that yow be delygent.
[Fol. 21.] And punyſs for, for o thing ſhal yow know,
The most treſpas is to ſubuert the low,
So that yow be not in thar gilt accuſit,
And frome the froit of bliſſit folk refuſit.
And pas yow ſhalt to euery chef toune,
Throw out the boundis of thi Regioune
Whar yow ſall be, that Iuſtice be Elyk
With-out diuiſione baith to pur & ryk.
And that thi puple have awdiens
W*ith* thar complant*is*, and alſo thi p*resens*;
For qwho his eris frome the puple ſtekith,
And not his hond in ther ſupport furth rekith,

[1] Word almost undecipherable; "medyre" is Professor Skeat's reading. Possibly "mesyre," a forced form of "measure" for sake of rhyme. Cp. ll. 1827-28, co*n*querour and myſour.

[2] MS. "w Iustly."

His dom ſall be ful grewous & ful hard,
When he ſal cry and he ſal no*cht* be hard.
Wharfor thyne eris iſith to the pwre,
Bot in redreß of ned, & not of *in*Iure;
Thus ſall thei don of Reſſone & knawlag.
But king*is* when thei ben of tend*er* ag,
Y wil not ſay I traſt thei ben excuſit,
Bot ſchortly thei ſall be ſar accuſit,
When ſo thei cum to yheris of Reſone,
If thei tak not full contrifioune,
And pwnyß them that hath ther low myſgyit.
That this is trouth it may not be denyit;
For vther ways thei ſal them not diſcharg,[1]

One eſtatis of ther realm, that ſhold
W*ith*-in his ȝouth ſe that his low be hold.[2]
And thus thow the, w*ith* mercy, kep alway.
Of Iuſtice furt*h* the ilk bleſſit way.
And of thi wordis beis trew and ſtable,
Spek not to mych, nore be not vareable.
O king*is* word ſhuld be o king*is* bonde,
And ſaid It is, a king*is* word ſhuld ſtond;
O king*is* word, among our fad*er*is old,
Al out more p*re*cious & more ſur was hold
Than was the oth or ſeel of any wight;
O king of trouth ſuld be the werray lyght,
So treuth and Iuſtice to o king accordyth.
And als, as thir clerk*is* old recordith,
In tyme is larges and humilitee
Right well according vnto hie dugre,
And pleſſith boith to god and man al-so;
[Fol. 21 *b*.] Wharfor I wil, in*con*tine*n*t thow go,
And of thi lond in euery p*ar*t abide,
Whar yow gar fet and clep one eu*er*y ſid

[1] A blank space here occurs, just sufficient to contain one line.
[2] M.S. "behold."

Out of thi cuntreis, and ek out of thi tovnis,
Thi duk*is*, erlis, and thi gret baronis,
Thi pur kny*cht*is, and thi bachler*is*,
And them reſauf als hartly as afferis,
And be them ſelf yow welcum them ilkon:
Syne, them to glaid and cheris, thee diſpone
With feſting and with humyll *con*tynans.
Be not penſyve, nore proud in arrogans,
Bot w*ith* them hold in gladnes cumpany;
Not with the Rich nor myghty an*er*ly,
Bot with the pure worthi man alſo,
W*ith* them thow ſit, w*ith* them yow ryd and go.
I ſay not to be our fameliar,
For, as the moſt philoſephur can duclar,
To mych to oyß familiaritee
Contempnyng bryngith one to hie dugre:
Bot cherice them w*ith* wordis fair depay*n*t,
So with thi pupelle ſal yow the aquay*n*t.
Than of ilk cuntre wyſly yow enquere
An agit kny*cht* to be thi conſulere,
That haith ben hold in armys Richt fam*us*,
Wyß and diſcret, & no thing Inwy*us*;
For ther is non that knowith ſo wel, I-wyß,
O worthy man as he that worthi Is.
When well long haith yow ſwiornyt i*n* a place,
And well acqueynt the v*ith* thi puple has,
Than ſhalt thow ordand & p*ro*wid the
Of horß and ek of armour gret plente,
Of gold, and ſilu*er*, tressore, and cleithing,
And euery Riches that lo*n*gith to o king;
And when the lykith for to tak thi leif,
By largeß thus yow thi reward geif,
First to the pure worthy honorable,
That is til armys and til ma*n*hed able;
(Set he be pur, ȝhit worſchip in hyme bidith);
If hyme the horß one wich thi ſelwyne Ridith,

And bid hyme that he Rid hyme for yhour ſak;
Syne til hyme gold and ſiluer yow betak;
The horß to hyme for worſchip and prowes,
The treſor for his fredome and larges.
[Fol. 22 a.] If moſt of Riches, and of Cheriſing
Eftir this gud knycht berith vitneſing.
Syne to thi tennandis & to thi wawaſouris
If eſſy haknays, palfrais, and curſouris
And robis ſich as pleſand ben and fair;
Syne to thi lordis wich at mychty aire,
As dukis, erlis, princis, and ek kingis,
Yow if them ſtrang, yow if them vncouth thingis,
As diuerß iowellis, and ek precioußs ſtonis,
Or halkis hundis, ordinit for the nonis,
Or wantone horß that can nocht ſtand in ſtāble;
Thar giftis mot be fair and delitable.
Thus, firſt vn to the vorthi pur yow if
Giftis, that may ther pouerte Releif;
And to the rich iftis of pleſans,
That thei be fair, ſet nocht of gret ſubſtans;
For riches aſkith no thing bot delyt,
And powert haith ay ane appetyt
For to support ther ned and Indigens:
Thus ſhall yow if and makith thi diſpens.
And ek the quen, my lady, ſhalt alſo
To madenis and to ladeis, quhar ȝhe go,
If, and cheriß one the ſamyne wyß;
For in to largeß al thi welfar lyis.
And if thy giftis with ſich continans
That thei be ſen ay gifyne vith pleſans;
The wyß man ſais, and ſuth it is approuit.
Thar is no thonk, thar is no ift alowit,
Bot It be ifyne In to ſich manere,
That is to ſay, als glaid in to his chere,
As he the wich the ift of hyme Reſauith;
And do he not, the gifar is diſſauith;

For who that iffis, as he not if wald,
Mor profit war his ift for to with-hald;
His thonk he tynith, and his ift alſo.
Bot that thow ifith, if with both two,
That is to ſay, vith hart and hand atonis;
And ſo the wyſman ay ye ift diſponis.
Beith larg and iffis frely of thi thing;
For largeß is the treſour of o king,
And not this other Iowellis nor this gold
That is in to thi treſory with-holde.
[Fol. 22 b.] Who gladly iffith, be vertew of larges
His treſory encreſis of Richeſß,
And ſal a3ane the mor al out reſawe.
For he to quhome he 3ewith ſall hawe,
Firſt his body, ſyne his hart with[1] two,
His gudis al for to diſpone alſo
In his ſeruice; and mor atour he ſhall
Have O thing, and that is beſt of all,
That is to ſay, the worſchip and the loß
That vpone larges in this world furth goß.
And yow ſhal knaw the lawbour & the preß
In to this erth about the gret Richeß.
Is ony, bot[2] apone the cauß we see
Of met, of cloth, & of proſperitee?
All the remanant ſtant apone the name
Of purches, furth apone this worldis fame.
And well yow wot, in thyne allegians
Ful many Is, the wich haith ſufficians
Of euery thing that longith to ther ned;
What haith yow more, qwich them al to lede,
For al thi Realmys and thi gret Riches,
If that yow lak of worſchip the encreß?
Well leß, al out; for efter thar eſtate
Thei have vorſchip, and kepith It al gat;

[1] MS. doubtful whether "with" or "wich."
[2] MS. "Is ony bout bot;" "bout" deleted.

And yow degradith al thyne hie dugree,
That ſo ſchuld ſhyne In to nobelitee,
Throuch wys and throw[1] the wrechitneſs of hart.
And knowis yow not what ſall be[2] thi part,
Out of this world when yow ſal paſs the courſs? 1795
Fair well, I-wyſs! yow neu*er* ſhall Recourſs
Whar no prince more ſhall the subiet[3] have,[4]
But be als dep in to the erd y-grave,
Sauf vertew only and worſchip wich abidith
W*ith* them; the world apone the laif dewidith; 1800
And if he, wich ſhal eftir the ſucced,
By larges ſpend, of quhich that yhow had dreid,
He of the world comendit is and priſit,
And yow ſtant furth of euery thing diſpiſit;
The puple ſaith and demyth thus of thee, 1805
'Now is he gone, a werray vrech was hee,
And he the wich that is our king and lord
Boith wertew haith & larges in accorde;
Welcum be he!' and ſo the puple ſoundith.
[Fol. 23 *a*.] Thus through thi viſs his wertew mor aboundith, 1810
And his vertew the more thi wice furth ſchawith.
Wharfor ȝhe, wich that princes ben y-knawith,
Lat not yhour vrechit hart so yhow dant,
That he that cu*m*myth next yhow may awant
To be mor larg, nore more to be co*m*mendit; 1815
Beſt kepit Is the Riches well diſpendit.
O ȝhe, the wich that king*is* ben, fore ſham
Remembrith yhow, this world hath bot o naaṁ
Of good or ewill, eft*er* ȝhe ar gone!
And wyſly tharfor cheſſith yhow the toṅ 1820
Wich moſt accordith to nobilitee,
And knytith larges to yhour hie degre.
For qwhar that fredome In O pr*i*nce Ri*n*gnis,
It bryngith In the victory of king*is*,

[1] Or "throch." [2] MS. has "by." [3] MS. has "subei^{e}t."
[4] Ll. 1797 and 1798 might with advantage be transposed.

And makith realmys and puple boith to dout,
And ſubect*is*[1] of the cuntre al about.
And qwho that thinkith ben o co*n*querour,
Suppos his largeß ſumquhat pas myſour,
Ne rak he nat, bot frely iffith ay;
And as he wynyth, beis var al-way
To mych nor ȝhit to gredy that he hold,
Wich ſal the hart*is* of the puple colde.
And low and radour cu*m*myth boith two
Of larges; Reid and ȝhe ſal fynd It ſo.
Alex*ander*, this lord the warld that wan,
Firſt w*ith* the ſuerd of larges he began,
And as he wynith iſith largely,
He rakith No thing bot of cheuelry;
Wharfor of hyme ſo paſſith the Renown,
That many o cetee, and many o ſtrang townꝭ,
Of his worſchip that herith the Recorde,
Diſſirith ſo to haveing ſich o lorde,
And offerith them w*ith*-outen ſtrok of ſpere,
Suppos that thei war manly men of were,
But only for his gentilleß that thei
Have hard; and ſo he louit was al-way
For his larges, humilitee, and manhed,
W*ith* his awn folk, that neu*er*more, we Reid,
[Fol. 23 *b*.] For al his weris nor his gret trawell,
In al his tym that thei hyme onys faill;
Bot in his worſchip al thar beſynes
Thei ſet, and lewith in to no diſtres;
Whar-throw the ſuerd of victory he berith.
And many prince full oft the palm werith,
As has ben hard, by largeß, of before,
In conqueringe of Rignis & of glore.
And wrechitnes Richt ſo, in the contrar,
Haith Realmys maid ful deſolat & barre,

[1] Or "subett*is*."

And kingis broght doun from ful hie eſtat;
And who that Red ther old bukis, wat
The vicis lef, the wertew have in mynde,
And takith larges In his awn kynd,
A-myd ſtanding of the vicis two,
Prodegalitee and awerice alſo;
Wharfor her of It nedith not to more,
So mych ther of haith clerkis vrit to fore.
Bot who the wertw of larges & the law
Sal cheſs, mot ned conſidir well & knaw
In to hyme ſelf, and thir thre wnderſtande,
The ſubſtans firſt, the powar of his land,
Whome to he iffith, and the cauſs wharfore,
The nedful tyme awatith euermore.
Kepith thir thre; for qwho that ſal exced
His rent, he fallith ſodandly in nede.
And ſo the king, that on to myſter drowis,
His subiettis and his puple he our-thrawis,
And them diſpoȝeith boith of lond and Rent;
So is the king, ſo is the puple ſchent.
For quhi the woice It ſcrikth vp ful ewyne
With-out abaid, and paſſith to the hewyne,
Whar god hyme ſelf reſauith ther the crye
Of the oppreſioune and the teranny,
And vith the ſuerd of wengans doun yſmytith,
The wich that caruith al to ſor, and bitith,
And hyme diſtroyth, as has ben hard or this
Of euery king that wirkith ſich o mys.
For ther is few eſchapith them, It ſall
Boith vpone hyme & his ſucceſſione fall;
For he forſuth haith ifyne hyme the wond
[Fol. 24 a.] To Iuſtefy and Reull in pece his lond,
The puple all ſubmytit[1] to his cure;
And he aȝan one to no creatur

[1] At end of "ſubmytit" an "h" deleted.

Save only ſhall vn to his gode obey.
And if he paſſith ſo far out of the wey,
Them to oppreß, that he ſhuld reul & gid,
Ther heritag, there gwdis to dewide,
Ye, wnd*er* whome that he moſt nedis ſtond,
At correccioune ſal ſtrek his my*ch*ty hond,
Not euery day, bot ſhal at onys fall
On hyme, mayhap, and his ſucceſcione all.
In this, allace! the blynd*is* of the king*is*,
And Is the fall of princ*is* and of Rygnis.
The moſt wertew, the gret Intellegens,
The bleſſit tokyne of wyſdom and prudens
Iſß, in o king, for to reſtren his honde
Frome his pupleis Riches & ther lond.
Mot euery king have this wice i*n* mynd
In tyme, and not when that he ned fynde!
And in thi larges beith war, I pray,
Of nedful tyme, for than is beſt alway.
Awyß the ek quhome to that thow ſalt if,
Of there fam, and ek how that thei leif;
And of the wertws and wicious folk alſo,
I the beſeich dewidith well thir two,
So that thei ſtond no*ch*t in o degree;
Diſcreccioune ſall mak the diu*er*ſitee,
Wich clepith the mod*er* of al vertewis.
And beith war, I the beſeich of this,
That is to ſay of flatry, wich that longith
To court, and al the king*is* larges fongith.
The vertuouß man no thing thar-of reſauith,
The flatterer*is* now ſo the king diſſauith
And blyndith them that wot no thing, I-wyß,
When thei do well, or quhen thei do o myß;
And latith king*is* oft til wnd*er*ſtonde
Thar vicis, and ek ye falt*is* of ther lond.
In to the realme about o king Is holde
O flatterere were than is the ſtormys cold,

Or peſtelens, and mor the realme anoyith,
For he the law and puple boith diſtroyith.
[Fol. 24 *b*.] And in to principall ben ther three thing*is*,
That cauſſith flattereris ſtonding w*ith* the king*is*;
And on, It is the blyndit Ignorans
Of king*is*, wich that hath no gou*er*nans
To wnd*er*ſtond who doith ſich o myß;
But who that fareſt ſchewith hym, I-wyß,
Moſt ſuffiſith and beſt to his pleſans.
Wo to the realme that havith ſich o chans!
And ſecundly, quhar that o king Is
Weciuß hyme ſelf, he cheriſſith, ywys,
Al them the wich that one to vicis ſoundith,[1]
Whar throw that vicis and flattery ek aboundith.
The thrid, is the ilk ſchrewit harrmful wice,
Wich makith o king w*ith*in hyme ſelf ſo nyce,
That al thar flattry and ther gilt he knowith
In to his wit, and ȝhit he hyme w*ith*-drowith
Them to repref, and of ther vicis he wot;
And this It is wich that diſſemblyng hot,
That in no way accordith for o king.
Is he not ſet abuf apone his Ri*n*gne,
As ſou*er*ane his puple for to lede?
Whi ſchuld he ſpare, or quhom of ſchuld he dred
To ſay the treuth, as he of Right is hold?
And if ſo ware that al the king*is* wold,
When that his leg*is* comytit ony wyce,
As beith not to ſchamful, nore to nyce,
That thei preſume that he is negligent,
But als far as he thinkith that thei myßwent,
But diſſemblyng reprewith as afferis,
And pwnice them quhar pwnyſing Requeris,
Sauf only m*er*cy in the tyme of ned.
And ſo o king he ſchuld his puple led,

[1] Or "foundith."

That no treſpaß, that cu*m*myth in his way,
Shuld paß his hond wne-pwniſt away;
Nore no good deid in to the ſamyn degree,
Nore no wertew, ſuld wn-Reuardid bee.
Than flattry ſhuld, that now is he, be low,
And wice from the king*is* court w*ith*-drow;
His minſt*er*is that ſhuld the Iuſtice reull,
Shuld kep well furt*h* of quiet & reull,
That now, god wat, as It conſerwit Is,
The ſtere is loſt, and al is gon amys;
[Fol. 25 *a*.] And vertew ſhuld hame to the court hyme dreß,
That exillith goith in to the wilde*r*nes.
Thus if o king ſtud lyk his awn degree,
Wertwis and wyß than ſhuld his puple bee,
Only ſet by vertew hyme to pleß,
And ſore adred his wiſdom to diſpleß.
And if that he towart the vicis draw,
His folk ſall go on to that ilk law;
What ſhal hyme pleß that wil no*ch*t ell*is* fynd,
Bot ther apon ſetith al ther mynde.
Thus only in the wertew of o king
The reull ſtant of his puple & his ringne,
If he be wyß and, but diſſemblyng, ſchewis,
As I have ſaid, the vicis one to ſchrewis.
And ſo thus, *ſir*, It ſtant apone thi will
For to amend thi puple, or to ſpill;
Or have thi court of vertewis folk, or fullis;
Sen yow art holl maiſt*er* of the ſcoullis
Teichith them, and thei ſal gladly leir,
That is to ſay, that thei may no thing heir
Sauf only wertew towart thyn eſtat;
And cheriß them that wertews ben algait.
And thinkith what that wertew is to thee;
It pleſſith god, vphaldith thi degree."
"Maiſt*er*," q*uo*d he, "me think ry*ch*t profitable
Yowr conſeell Is, and wond*er* honorable

For me, and good; ry*cht* well I have *con*ſauit,
And in myne hart*is* Inwartneß reſauit.
I ſhal fulfill and do yowr ordynans
Als far of wit as I have ſuffiſans;
Bot y beſeich yow, in til hartly wyß,
That of my drem ȝhe ſo to me dewyß,
The wich ſo long haith occupeid my mynd,
How that I ſhal no man*er* ſucour fynd
Bot only throw the wattir lyon, & ſyne
The leich that is w*ith*outen medyſyne,
And of the conſell of the flour; wich ayre
Wonde*r*is lyk that no man can duclar."
"Now, ſ*ir*," q*uo*d he, "and I of them al thre,
What thei betakyne ſhal I ſchaw to the,
Such as the clerk*is* at them ſpeceſiit;
[Fol. 25 *b*.] Thei vſit no thing what thei ſignefiit.
The wattir lyone Is the god werray,
God to the lyone is lyknyt many way;
But thei have hyme In to the wattir ſeñ,
Confuſit were ther wittis al, y weñ;
The wattir was ther awn fragelitee,
And thar treſpas, and thar Inequitee
In to this world, the wich thei ſtond ycloſit;
That was the wattir wich thei have ſuppoſit,
That haith there knowlag maad ſo Inp*er*ſyt;
Thar ſyne & ek ther worldis gret delyt,
As clowdy wattir, was eu*er*more betweñ,
That thei the lyone p*er*fitly hath no*cht* ſeñ;
Bot as the wattir, wich was y*er* awn ſyn*ne*,
That eu*er*mor thei ſtond confuſit In.
If thei haith ſtond in to religioñ clen,
Thei had the lyone Not in watt*er* ſen,
Bot clerly vp in to the hewyne abuf,
Et*er*naly whar he ſhal not remufe.
And eu*er*more in vatt*er* of ſyne vas hee,
For quhi It is Impoſſeble for to bee;

And thus the world, wich that thei ar In,
Ycloſit Is in dyrknes of ther ſyne;
And ek the thikneß of the air betwen
The lyone mad in vattir to be ſen.
For It was no*ch*t bot ſtrenth of ther clergy
Wich thei have here, and It is bot erthly,
That makith them there reſou*n*s dewyß,
And ſe the lyone thus in erthly wyß.
This is the lyone, god, and goddis sone,
Ihe*s*u criſt, wich ay in hewyne ſal won*n*e.
For as the lyone of euery beſt is king,
So is he lord and maiſt*er* of al thing,
That of the bleſſit vyrgyne vas ybore.
Ful many a natur the lyone haith, quhar fore
That he to god reſemblyt is, bot I
Lyk not mo at this tyme ſpecify.
This is the lyone, thar of have yow no dred,
That ſhal the help and comfort In thi ned.

The ſentens here now woll I the defyne
Of hyme, the lech w*ith*outen medyſyne,
Wich is the god that euery thing hath vroght.
[Fol. 26 *a*.] For yow may know that vther Is It noght,
As ſurgynis and feſicianis, wich that delith
W*ith* mortell thing*is*, and mortell thing*is* helyth,
And al thar art is in to medyſyne,
As it is ordanit be the my*ch*t dewyne,
As plaſt*er*is, drink*is*, and anouy*n*tme*n*t*is*[1] ſeir,
And of the qualyte watyng of the yher;
And of the planet*is* diſpoſicio*u*ne,
And of the naturis of compleccyoune,
And in the diu*er*ß changing of hwmowr*is*.
Thus wnd*er* reull lyith al there cwris;
And yhit thei far as blynd man In the way
Oft, quhen that deith thar craft lift to aſſay.

[1] MS. "anoñytmēt*is*," or "anoūytmēt*is*."

Bot god, the wich that is the fouer*a*n lech,
Nedith no man*er* medyſyne to ſech;
For ther is no Infyrmyte, nore wound,
Bot as hyme lykith al is holl and ſound.
So can he heill Infyrmytee of thoght,
Wich that one erdly medeſyne can noght;
And als the ſaul that to confuſioune goith,
And haith with hyme and vther p*ar*teis boith,
His dedly wound god helyth frome the ground;
On to his cure no medyſyne is found.
This Is his my*ch*t that neu*er* more ſhall fyne,
This is the leich w*ith*outen medyſyne;
And If that yhow at confeſſioune hath ben,
And makith the of al thi ſyn*n*is clen,
Yow art than holl, and this ilk ſamyn is he
Schall be thi leich In al neceſſitee.

Now of the flour y woll to the diſcerñ:
This is the flour that haith the froyt eterñ,
This is the flour, this ſadith for no ſchour,
This is the flour of euery flouris floure;
This is the flour, of quhom the froyt vas borñ,
This ws redemyt eft*er* that we war lorñ;
This Is the flour that eu*er* ſpryngith new,
This is the flour that changith neu*er* hew;
This is the vyrgyne, this is the bleſſit flour
That Ih*es*u bur that is our salweour,
This flour wnwe*m*myt of hir wirginitee;
This is the flour of our felicitee,
This is the flour to quhom ve ſhuld exort,
This is the flour not feſſith to ſupport
In prayere, confell, and in byſſynes,
[Fol. 26 *b*.] Vs catiſis ay In to our wrechitnes
On to hir sone, the quich hir conſell herith;
This is the flour that al our gladneſs ſterith,
Throuch whois prayer mony one is ſawit,
That to the deth et*er*naly war reſawit,

Ne war hir hartly ſuplicatioune.
This is the flour of our ſaluatioune,
Next hir sone, the froyt of euery flour;
This is the ſam that ſhal be thi ſuccour,
If that the lykith hartly Reuerans
And ſeruice ȝeld one to hir excellens,
Syne worſchip hir with al thi byſſyneß;
Sche ſal thi harm, ſche ſall thi ned redreß.
Sche ſall ſice conſell if one to the two,
The lyone and the ſouerane lech alſo,
Yow ſall not Ned yi dreꝫ for to diſpar,
Nor ȝhit no thing that is in thi contrare.
Now"—quod the maiſter—"yow may well wnderſtand
Tueching thi drem as I have born on hande;
And planly haith the mater al declarith,
That yhow may know of wich yow was diſparith.
The lech, the lyone, and the flour alſo,
Yow worſchip them, yow ſerve them euermo;
And ples the world as I have ſaid before;
In gouernans thus ſtondith al thi glore.
Do as yow liſt, for al is in thi honde,
To tyne thi ſelf, thi honore, and thi londe,
Or lyk o prince, o conquerour, or king,
In honore and in worſchip for to Ringe."
"Now," quod the king, "I fell that the ſupport
Of yhour conſell haith don me ſich comfort,
Of euery raddour my hart is In to eß,
To ȝhour command, god will, y ſal obeß.
Bot o thing is yneuch wn to me,
How galiot makith his awant that he
Shall have the knycht, that only by his honde
And manhed, was defendour of my londe;
If that ſhall fall y pray yhow tellith me,
And quhat he hecht, and of quhat lond is hee?"
"What that he hecht yow ſhall no foryer know,
His dedis ſall her efterwart hyme ſchaw;

Bot *con*trar the he ſhall be found no way.
No more thar of as now y will the ſay."[1]
[Fol. 27 *a*.] With that the king haith at his maiſtir tone
His leve, one to his cuntre for to goñe;
And al the oſt makith none abyde,
To paſſing home anone thei can p*ro*wid;
And to ſ*ir* gawane thei haith o lytt*er* maad,
Ful ſore ywound, and hyme on w*it*h them haade.
[T]he king, as that the ſtory can declar,
Paſſith to o Cete that was Right fair,
And clepit cardole, In to walis, was,
For that tyme than It was the n*er*eſt place,
And thar he ſoiornyt xxiiij^ti^ days
In ryall feſting, as the auttore[2] ſays.
So diſcretly his puple he haith cherit,
That he thar hartis holy haith *con*querit.
And ſ*ir* gawan helyt holl and ſound
Be xv dais he was of euery wounde;
Right blyt*h* therof in to the court war thei.
And ſo befell, the xxiiij[3] day,
The king to fall in to o hewynes,
Right ate his table ſiting at the meß;
And ſ*ir* gawan cu*m*myth hyme before,
And ſaid hyme, "ſ*ir*, yhour thoght is al to fore,
Conſid*er*ing the diu*er*ß kny*cht*i*s* ſere
Ar of wncouth and ſtrang land*is* here."
The king anſuert, as in to matelent,
"S*ir*, of my tho*cht*, or ȝhit of myne entent,
Yhe have the wrang me to repref, for quhy
Thar lewith none that ſhuld me blam, for I
Was thinkand one the worthieſt that lewyt,
That al the worſchip In to armys prewyt;
And how the thonk of my defens he had,
And of the wow that galiot haith mad.

[1] At the bottom of the page is the catch-word, "With that the king."
[2] Or "auctore." [3] MS. "xxviij," altered to "xxiiij."

But I have ſen, when that of my houſhold
Thar was, and of my falowſchip, that wold,
If that thei wiſt, quhat thing ſhuld me pleß,
Thei wald no*ch*t leif for trawell nor for eß.
And ſum tyme It p*reſ*wmyt was & ſaid,
That in my houſhold of al this world I had
The flour of kny*ch*ted and of chevalry;
Bot now thar of y ſe the contrarye,
Sen that the flour of kny*ch*thed is away."
"Schir," q*uod* he, "of Reſone ſuth yhe ſay;
[Fol. 27 *b*.] And if god will, In al this warld ſo Round
He ſal be ſoght, if that he may be found."
Than gawan goith w*ith* o kny*ch*tly chere,
At the hal dure he ſaith In this maner:
"In this paſag who lykith for to wend?
It is o Iorne moſt for to comend
That In my tyme In to the court fallith,
To knyght*is* wich that chewellry lowith,
Or trawell In to armys for to hant;
And lat no kny*ch*t fra thyne furt*h* hyme awant
That it denyith;"—w*ith* that onon thei roß,
Al the kny*ch*t*is*, and frome the burdis goß.
The king that ſauch In to his hart was wo,
And ſaid, "*ſir* gawan, nece, why dois yow ſo?
Knowis yow no*ch*t I myne houßhold ſuld encreß,
In kny*ch*thed, and in honore, and largeß?
And now yow thinkith mak me diſſolat
Of kny*ch*t*is*, and my houß tranſulat,
To ſek o kny*ch*t, and It was neu*er* more
Hard ſich o ſemble makith o before."
"*Sir*," q*uod* he, "als few as may yhow pleſß;
For what I ſaid was no thing for myne eß,
Nor for deſir of falouſchip, for why
To paß alone, but cumpany, think I;
And ilk kny*ch*t to paß o ſundry way;
The mo thei paß the fewar eſchef thay,

Bot thus ſhal pas no mo bot as yhow leſt."
"Takith," q*uod* he, "of quhom ȝhe lykith beſt,
Fourty in this paſag for to go;"
At this *com*mand and gawan cheſit ſo
Fourty, quhich that he louit, & that was
Richt glaid in to his falowſchip to pas.
[A]nd furth thei go, and al anarmyt thei
Come to the king, w*ith*outen more delay,
The relyk*is* bro*cht*, as was the man*er* tho,
When any knyght*is* frome the court ſuld go.
Or when the paſſit, or quhen thei com, thei ſwor
The trouth to ſchaw of euery aduentur.
S*ir* gawan knelyng to his falowis ſais,
"Yhe lord*is*, wich that in this feking gais,
So many noble and worthi kny*chtis* ar ȝhe,
Me think in wayne yhour t*ra*uel ſhuld no*cht* be,
[Fol. 28 *a*.] For aduentur is non so gret to pref,
As I ſuppone, nor ȝhe ſal It eſſchef,
And if ȝhe lyk as I that ſhal dewyß,
Yhour oth to ſwer In to the ſamyne wyß
Myne oith to kep;"—and that thei vnd*er*tak,
How eu*er* ſo that he his oith mak,
It to conſerf, and that thei have all ſworñ.
Than gawan, wich that was the king beforn,
On kneis ſwore, "I ſal the ſuth duclar
Of euery thing when I agan Repar,
Nor neu*er* more aȝhane ſal I returñ,
Nore in o place long for to ſuiorñ
Whill that the kny*cht* or verray evydens
I have, that ſhal be toknis of credens."
His falouſchip abaſit of that thing,
And als therof anoyt was the king,
Sayng, "Nece, yow haith al foly vroght
And wilfulneß, that haith no*cht* in thi thoght
The day of batell of galot and me."
Q*uod* gawan, "Now non other ways ma be."

Thar-*with* he and his falowſchip alſo
Thar halmys laſit, on to ther horß thei go,
Syne tuk ther lef, and frome the court the fare,
Thar names ware to long for to declar.
Now ſal we leif hyme and h*is* cumpany,
That in thar feking paſſith biſſely;
And of the lady of melyhalt we tell,
W*ith* whome the kny*cht* mot ned alway duell.
[1][O] day ſhe mayd hyme on to h*ir* p*re*ſens fet,
And on o ſege be-fid hir haith hyme ſet,
"S*ir*, in keping I have yow halding long,"
And thus ſche ſaid, "for gret treſpas & wrong,
Magre my ſtewart, in worſchip, and for thi
3he ſuld me thonk;—"madem," q*uod* he, "and I
Thonk yhow ſo that eu*er*, at my mycht,
Whar ſo I paß that I ſal be yhour kny*cht*."
"Grant mercy, ſ*ir*, bot o thing I 3ow pray,
What that 3he ar 3he wold w*ich*sauf[2] to ſay."
"Madem," q*uod* he, "yhour mercy aſk I, quhy
That for to ſay apone no wyß may I."
"No! wil 3he not? non oy*er* ways as now
3he ſal repent, and ek I mak awow
One to the thing the wich that I beſt love,
[Fol. 28 *b*.] Out frome my keping ſal 3he not Remuf
Befor the day of the aſſemblee,
Wich that, o 3her, is n*er*eſt for to bee;
And if that 3ow haith pleſſit for to ſay,
3he had fore me deliu*er*it ben this day;
And I ſal knaw, quhey*er* 3he wil or no,
For I furt*h* w*ith* one to the court ſal go,
Whar that al thithing*is* goith & cu*m*yth ſoñ."
"Madem," q*uo*d he, "yhour pleſance mot be doñe."
W*ith* that the kny*cht* one to his chalm*er* goith,
And the lady hir makith to be wroith

[1] Room is here left in the MS. for an illuminated letter, and a small "o" inserted.
[2] Or "w*ith*sauf."

Aȝanis hyme, but ſuthly vas ſche not,
For he al out was mor in to hir thoght.
Than ſchapith ſhe aȝane the ferd day,
And richly ſche gan hir-ſelf aray;
Syne clepit haith apone her cuſynes,
And ſaith, "y will one to the court me dreß;
And malice I have ſchawin on to ȝhon kny*cht*,
For quhy he wold no*cht* ſchew me quhat he hicht;
Bot ſo, I-wyß, It is no*cht* in my tho*cht*,
For worthyar non In to this erth is wro*cht*.
Tharfor I pray, and hartly I requer
Ȝhe mak hyme al the cu*m*pany and chere,
And do hyme al the worſchip and the eß,
Excep his honore, wich that may hym pleß;
And quhen I cum deliu*er*ith hyme als fre
As he is now;"—"ne have no dred," q*uod* ſche.
[T]he lady p*ar*tit, and hir lef hath ton,
And by hir Iorne to the court Is gon.
The king hapnit at logris for to bee,
Wich of his realme was than the chef cete;
And haith hir met, and In til hartly wyß
Reſauit her, and welcu*m*myt oft ſyß;
And haith hir home one to his palice bro*cht*,
Whar that no dante nedith to be ſocht,
And maid hir cher w*ith* al his ful entent.
Eft ſupir one to o chalme*r* ar thei went,
The king and ſche, and ek the quen al thre;
Of hir tithand*is* at hir than aſkit hee,
And what that hir one to the court had bro*cht*?
"S*ir*," q*uod* ſche, "I come[1] not al for no*cht*;
I have o frend haith o dereyne ydoo,
[Fol. 29 *a*.] And I can fynd none able kny*cht* tharto;
For he, the wich that in the *con*trar Is,
Is hardy, ſtrong, and of gret kyne, I-wyß;

[1] MS. "conne."

Bot, It is ſaid, If I my*cht* have w*ith* me
3our kny*cht*, quich in the laſt aſſemble
Was in the feld, and the red armys bur,
In his manhed y my*cht* my cauſs aſſur;
And yhow, ſ*ir*, richt hartly I exort
In to this ned my myſt*er* to ſupport."
"Madem, by faith one to the quen I aw
That I beſt loue, the kny*cht* I neu*er* ſaw
In nerneſs by which that I hyme knew;
And ek gawane Is gan hyme for to few
W*ith* other fourty kny*chtis* In to cumpany."
The lady ſmylit at ther fanteſſy;
The quen thar w*ith* p*re*ſumyt wel that ſche
Knew quhat he was, and ſaid, "madem, If 3he
Knowith of hyme what that he is, or quhar,
We 3how beſech til ws for to declar."
"Madem," q*uod* ſche, "now be the faith that I
Aw to the king and yhow, as for no why
To court I cam, but of hyme to Inquere;
And ſen of hyme I can no tithing*is* here,
Nedlyng*is* to-morn homwart mon I fair."
"Na," q*uod* the king, "madem, our ſon It waire;
3he ſal remayne her for the qwenys ſak;
Syne ſhal 3he of our beſt kny*chtis* tak."
"S*ir*," q*uod* ſche, "I pray 3ow me excuſs,
For quhy to paſs nedis me behuſs;
Nor, ſen I want the kny*cht* which I have ſo*cht*,
Wtheris w*ith* me to have deſir I no*cht*,
For I of otheris have that may ſuffice."
Bot 3hit the king hir prayt on ſich wyſs,
That ſche remanit whill the thrid day;
Syne tuk hir leif to paſing hom hir way.
It nedis not the feſting to declar
Maid one to hir, nor company, nor fare;
Sche had no kny*cht*, ſche had no damyſeill,
Nor thei richly rewardit war and well.

Now goith the lady homwart, and ſche
In hir entent deſyrus Is to ſee
The flour of kny*ch*thed and of chevelry,
So was he pryſit and hold to euery wy.
[Fol. 29 *b*.] The lady, which one to hir palace come,
Bot of ſchort time remanith haith at home,
When ſche gart bryng, w*ith*outen Recidens,
W*ith* grete effere this kny*ch*t to hir p*rese*ns,
And ſaid hyme; "*ſir*, ſo mekil have I ſo*ch*t,
And knowith that be-for I knew no*ch*t,
That If yhow lyk I wil yhour Ransone mak."
"Madem, gladly, wil ȝhe wichſauf to tak
Eft*er* that as my powar may atteñ,
Or that I may p*ro*wid be ony meñ?"
"Now, *ſir*," ſho ſaid, "forſut*h* It ſal be so,
Yhe ſal have thre, and cheß yhow on of tho;
And if yhow lykith them for to refuß,
I can no mor, but ȝhe ſal me excuß,
Yhe ned*is* mot ſuſten yhour aduentur
Contynualy In ward for til endur."
"Madem," q*uod* he, "and I yhow hartly pray,
What that thei ſay[1] ȝhe wald w*ich*ſauf[2] to ſay?"
"[T]he firſt," q*uod* ſche, "who hath in to the cheñ
Of low yhour hart, and if ȝhe may dereñ?
The next, yhour nam, the which ȝe ſal not lye?
The thrid, if eu*er* ȝhe think of cheualry
So mekil worſchip to atten in feild
Apone o day in armys wnd*er* ſcheld,
As yat ȝhe dyd the ſamyne day, when ȝhe
In red armys was at the aſſemblee?"
"Madem," q*uod* he, "is thar non vther way
Me to redem, but only thus to ſay
Of thing*is*, which that Rynyth me to blam,
Me to awant my lady or hir name?

[1] So MS. Perhaps "bee." [2] Or "w*ith*ſauf."

But If that I moſt ſchawin furth that one,
What souerte ſchal I have for to gone
At libertee out of this danger free?"
"Schir, for to dred no myſter is," quod ſhee;
"As I am trew and faithfull woman hold,
3he ſal go fre quhen one of thir is told."
"Madem, yhour will non vther ways I may,
I mone obey; and to the firſt y ſay,
[1][A]s to declar the lady of myne hart,
My goſt ſal rather of my breſt aſtart"—
Whar by the lady fayndit al for nocht
The lowe quhich long hath ben In to her thocht[2]—
"And of my nam, ſchortly for to ſay,
It ſtondith ſo that one no wyß I may.
[Fol. 30 a.] Bot of the thrid, madem, I se that I
Mon ſay the thing that tuechith velany;
For ſuth it is I traſt, and god before,
In feld that I ſal do of armys more
Than euer I did, if I commandit bee.
And now, madem, I have my libertee,
For I have ſaid I neuer thocht to ſay."
"Now, ſir," quod ſche, "when euer 3he wil ye may;
Bot o thing Is, I yhow hartly raquer,
Sen I have hold yhow apone ſuch maner
Not as my ſo, that 3he vald grant me till."
"Madem," quod he, "It ſal be as 3he will."
"Now, ſir," quod ſche, "it is no thing bot 3he
Remañ with ws wn to the aſſemble,
And euery thyng that In yhour myſter lyis
I ſall gar ordan at yhour awn dewyß;
And of the day I ſhall yow certefy
Of the aſſemble, 3he ſal not pas therby."

A space is here left for an illuminated letter, evidently "A." Cp. ll. 2228 and 2903 for redundant "as."

[2] The scribe has written "thoght" so close to the contraction for "her" that it touches, and has deleted it and rewritten it in contracted form.

"Madem," q*uod* he, "It ſal be as yhow liſt."
"Now, ſir," q*uod* ſche, "and than I hald It beſt,
That ȝhe remañ lyk to the ſamyne degre
As that ȝhe war, yat non ſal wit that ȝhe
Deliue*r*it war; and in to ſacret wyß
Thus may ȝhe be; and now yhe ſal dewyß
What armys that yhow lykyth I gar mak."
"Madem," q*uod* he, "armys al of blak."
W*i*t*h* this, this kny*ch*t is to his chalme*r* goñ;
The lady gan ful prewaly diſſpone
For al that longith to the kny*ch*t, in feild;
Al blak his horß, his armour, and his ſcheld,
That nedful is, al thing ſche well p*r*ewidith;
And in hir keping thus w*i*t*h* hir he bidith.
Suppos of love ſche takyne hath the charg,
Sche bur It clos, ther of ſche vas not larg,
Bot wyſly ſche abſtenit hir diſſir,
For ell*is* quhat, ſche knew, he was afyre;
Thar for hir wit hir worſchip haith defendit,
For in this world thar was nan mor co*m*mendit,
Boith of diſcreccioune and of womanhed,
Of gou*er*nans, of nurtur, and of farhed.
This kny*ch*t w*i*t*h* hir thus al this whil mon duell,
And furt*h* of arthur ſumthing wil we tell—
[T]hat walkyng vas furt*h* in to his Regiou*n*is,
And ſoiornyt in his ceteis and his townis,
[Fol. 30 *b*.] As he that had of viſdome ſufficyans.
He kepit the lore of maiſt*er* amytans
In ryghtwyſnes, In feſting and larges,
In cheriſing cu*m*pany and hamlynes;
For he was biſſy and was deligent,
And largly he iffith, and diſpent
Rewardis, boith one to the pur & riche,
And holdith feſt throw al the ȝher eliche.
In al the warld paſſing gan his name;
He chargit not bot of encreß and fam̃e,

And how his puples hart*is* to empleß;
Thar gladnes ay was to his hart moſt eß.
He rakith not of riches nor treſſour,
Bot to diſpend one worſchip & honour;
He iſith riches, he iſith lond and rent.
He cheriſſyth them w*ith* word*is* eloquent,
So that thei can them vtraly p*ro*pone
In his ſer*u*ice thar lyves to diſpone:
So gladith them̃e his homely *con*tynans,
His cheriſyng, his wordis of pleſans,
His cumpany, and ek his mery chere,
His gret rewardis, and his ift*is* ſere.
Thus hath the king non vthir beſynes
Bot cheriſing of kny*chtis* and largeß,
To mak hyme ſelf of honour be *com*mend;
And thus the ȝher he drywith to the ende.

EXPLICIT ſECUNDA PA*R*S,
INCIPIT TE*R*TIA PA*R*S.

The long dirk paſag of the vinter, & the lycht
Of phebus comprochit with his mycht;
The which, aſcending In his altitud,
Awodith saturn̄ with his ſtormys Rude;
The ſoft dew one fra the hewyne doune valis
Apone the erth, one hillis and on valis,
And throw the ſobir & the mwſt hwmouris
Vp nuriſit ar the erbis, and in the flouris
Natur the erth of many diuerſs hew
Ourfret, and cled with the tendir new.
[Fol. 31 a.] The birdis may them hiding in the grawis
Wel frome the halk, that oft ther lyf berevis;
And scilla hie aſcending in the ayre,
That euery vight may heryng hir declar
Of the ſeſſone and paſſing luſtynes.
This was the tyme that phebus gan hym dreſs
In to the rame, and haith his courſs bygown,
Or that the trewis and the ȝher vas Rown,
Which was yſet of galiot and the king
Of thar aſſemble, and of thar meting.
Arthur haith a xv dais before
Aſſemblit al his barnag and more
That weryng wnder his ſubieccioune,
Or louith hyme, or longith to his crown;
And haith his Iornay tone, withouten let,
On to the place the wich that was yſet,
Whar he hath found befor hyme mony o knycht
That cummyng war with al thar holl mycht,
Al enarmyt both with ſpere & ſcheld,
And ful of lugis plantith haith the feld,

Hyme In the wer for to ſupport and ſerf
At al ther my*ch*t, his thonk for to diſſerf,
And gawan, which was in the ſeking ȝhit
Of the gud kny*ch*t, of hyme haith got no wit,
Remembrith hyme apone the king*is* day,
And to his falowis one this wys can ſay:
"To ȝhow is knowin the mat*er*, in what wyſs
How that the king hath w*ith* his e*n*nemys
A c*er*tan day, that now comprochit nere,
And one to ws war hewynes to here
That he var in to p*er*ell or in to dreid,
And we away, and he of ws haith neid;
For we but hyme no thing may eſchef,
And he but ws in honore well may lef;
For, be he loſt, we may no thing w*ith*ſtond,
Our ſelf, our honore we tyne, & ek o*ur* lond.
Tharfor, I red we pas on to the king,
Suppos our oth It hurt in to ſum thing,
And in the feld w*ith* hyme for til endur,
Of lyf or deth and tak our aduentur."
Thar to thei ar conſentit eu*er*ilkon,
And but dulay the have thar Iorney toñe.
[Fol. 31 *b*.] When that the king them ſaw, in h*is* entent
Was of thar com Right wond*er* well *con*tent;
For he p*re*ſwmyt no thing that thei wold
Have cu*m*myne, but one furt*h* to y*er* ſeking hold.
And thus the king his[1] oft aſſemblit has
Aȝane the tyme, aȝaine the day that vas
Y-ſtatut and ordanit for to bee,
And euery thing hath ſet in the dogre.
[A]nd galiot, that haith no thing forȝhet
The termys quhich that he befor had set,
Aſſemblit has, apone his beſt maner,
His folk, and al his other thing*is* fere,

[1] MS. "kinghis."

That to o weryour longith to p*ro*uid,
And is y-come apone the tothir ſyde.
Whar he befor was one, than vas he two,
And al his vthir artil3ery also
He dowblith hath, that m*er*well was to ſeñ;
And by the rewere ly*ch*tit oné the greñ,
And ſtronghar thane ony wallit toune
His oft y-bout ycloſit in Randoune.
Thus war thei cu*m*myne apone ather ſyd
Be-for the tyme, them ſelf for to p*ro*wid.
Or that the trewis was complet & rwn,
Men my*ch*t have ſen one euery ſid begwn
Many a fair and knychtly Iup*er*ty
Of luſty me*n*, and of 3ong chevalry,
Diſyrus In to armys for to pruf;
Sum for wynyng, ſu*m* cauſith vas for luf;
Sum In to worſchip to be exaltate,
Sum cauſit was of wordis he & hate,
That lykit not ydill for to ben;
A hund*er*eth pair at onis one the gren.
Thir luſty folk thus can thar tyme diſpend,
Whill that the trewis goith to the ende.
The trewis paſt, the day is cu*m*myne onoñe,
One euery ſyd the can them to diſpone;
And thai that war moſt ſacret & moſt dere
To galiot, at hyme the can enquere,
"Who ſal aſſemble one yhour ſyd to-morñe?
To-ny*ch*t the trewis to the end is worne."
He anſuerit, "As yhit one to this were
I ame awyſit I wil none armys bere,
[Fol. 32 *a*.] Bot If It ſtond of more Neceſſitee;
Nor to the feld will pas, bot for to ſee
Yhone kny*ch*t, the which that berith ſich o fame."
Than clepit he the *con*quest king be name,
And hyme *com*mandit xxx thouſand tak
A3aine the morne, and for the feld hyme mak.

And gawane haith, apone the toy*er* syde,
Conſulit his Eme he ſchuld for them p*ro*wid,
And that he ſchuld none armys to hyme tak
Whill[1] galiot will for the feld hyme mak.
"I grant," q*uo*d [he[2]], "wharfor ȝhe mone diſpone
Yhow to the feld w*ith* al my folk to-morne,
And thinkith in yhour manhed and curage
For to reciſt ȝhone folk*is* gret owtrag."
[T]he ny*cht* is gone, vp goith the morow gray,
The bry*cht* ſone ſo clerith al the day:
The kny*chtis* gone to armys than, in haſt;
One goith the ſcheild*is*, and the helmys laſt;
Arthuris oſt out our the furrde thai ryd.
And thai agane, apone the toy*er* syd,
Aſſemblit ar apone o luſty greyne,
In to o waill, whar ſone thar my*cht* be ſeyne
Of kny*chtis* to-geddir many o pair
In to the feld aſſemblyng her & thair,
And ſted*is* which that haith thar maſt*er* lorne;[3]
The kny*chtis* war done to the erth doune borne.
S*ir* eſquyris, which was o manly kny*cht*
In to hyme ſelf, and hardy vas & wy*cht*;
And in till armys gretly for to pryß,
ȝhit he was pure, he prewit wel oft ſyß;
And that tyme was he of the cu*m*panee
Of galiot, bot eft*er*wart was hee
W*ith* arthur; and that day In to the feild
He come, al armyt boith w*ith* ſpere and ſcheld,
W*ith* ferß deſir, as he that had na dout,
And is aſſemblit ewyne apone a rowt;
His ſpere is gone, the kny*cht* goith to the erd,
And out onon he pullith haith o ſwerd;
That day In armys p*re*wit he ry*cht* well,
His ſtrenth, his manhed arthuris folk thai fell.

[1] MS. "Wihill." [2] Omitted in MS. [3] MS. has "borne."

Than galys gwynans, *with* o manly hart,
Which broy*er* was of ywane the baſtart,
He cu*m*myne Is onone one to the ſtour
[Fol. 32 *b*.] For *con*quering In armys of honour,
And cownte*r*it *with* eſquyris hath so,
Than horſs and man, al four, to erth thai go;
And ſtill o quhill lying at the ground.
With that o p*ar*t of arthur*is* folk thei found
Till gwyans, and haith hyme ſone reſkewit.
A3anis them til eſquyris thei ſewyt
Of galiot*is* well xxx^ti^ kny*cht*is & mo;
Gwyans goith done, and vthir vij alſo,
The wich war tone, & eſqwyris relewit.
Than ywane the anterus, aggrewit,
With kyn*n*iſme*n* one to the melle ſo*cht*.
The hardy kny*cht*is, that one thar worſchip tho*cht*,
Cownte*r*it them In myddis of the ſcheld,
Whar many o kny*cht* was born dou*n* i*n* the feld;
Bot thei wich ware on galiot*is* p*ar*t,
So wnde*r*takand nor of ſo hardy hart
Ne ware thei not as was i*n* ye *con*trare.
S*ir* galys gwyans was reſqwyt thare
With his falowis, and eſqwyris don bore.
Thar al the batell*is* cam, *with*outen more,
On ather p*ar*t, and is aſſemblit ſo
Whar fyfty thouſand war thei, & no mo.
In o plane beſyd the gret Riwere
Xxx thouſand one galiot*is* half thei vare;
Of arthuris x thouſand and no mo
Thei ware, and 3hit thai *con*tenit them ſo,
And in the feld ſo manly haith born̄,
That of thar fois haith the feld forſworn̄.
The *con*queſt king, wich the p*er*ell knowith,
Ful manly one to the feld he drowith;
The lord ſ*ir* gawan, cou*er*it *with* h*is* ſcheld,
He ruſchit in myddis of the feld,

And haith them ſo in to his com aſſayt,
That of his manhed ware thei al affrait;
No lang*er* my*ch*t thei *con*trar hyme endur,
Bot fled, and goith one to diſcu*m*fiture.
And galiot, wich haith the diſcu*m*fit ſen,
Fulfillit ful of ang*er* and of ten,
In*con*tine*n*t he ſend o new poware,
Whar-w*ith* the feld*is* al our cou*er*it ware
[Fol. 33 a.] Of armyt ſted*is* bot*h* in plait and maill,
W*ith* kny*ch*t*is* wich war reddy to aſſaill.
S*ir* gawan, ſeing al the gret ſuppris
Of fois cu*m*myng In to ſich o wys,
Togiddir al his cumpany he drew,
And confortable word*is* to them ſchew;
So at the cu*m*myng of thar ennemys
Thei them reſauf, in ſo manly wyß,
That many one felith deithis wound,
And wnd*er* horß lyith ſobing one the ground.
This vther cu*m*myth in to gret deſir,
Fulfillit ful of matelent and Ire,
So freſchly, w*ith* ſo gret o confluens,
Thar ſtrong aſſay hath don ſich vyolens,
And at thar come arthuris folk ſo led,
That thai war ay abayſit and adred.
Bot gawan, wich that, by this vorld*is* fame,
Of ma*n*hed and of kny*ch*thed bur the name,
Haith p*re*wit well be exp*er*iens;
For only In til armys his defens
Haith maid his falowis tak ſich hardyme*n*t,
That manfully thei biding one the bent.
Of his manhed war m*er*well to raherß;
The kny*ch*tis throw the ſcheld*is* can he perß,
That many one thar dethis haith reſauit;
None armour frome his my*ch*ty hond them ſauit,
ȝhit ay for one ther ennemys wor thre.
Long my*ch*t thei no*ch*t endur in ſuch dugree,

The preß it wos ſo creuell & ſo ſtrong,
In gret anoy and haith *con*tinewit longe,
That, magre them, thei ned*is* moſt abak
The way one to thar lug*is* for to tak.
S*ir* gawan thar ſufferith gret myſchef,
And wonder*is* in his kny*ch*thed can he pref;
His falouſchip haith m*er*well that hym ſaw,
So haith his fois that of his fuerd ſtud aw.
King arthur, that al this whill beheld
The dang*er* and the p*er*ell of the feld,
S*ir* ywan w*ith* o falowſchip he ſende,
Them In that ned to help & to defend,
[Fol. 33 *b*.] Qwich fond them In to danger and in were,
And ent*er*it nere In to thar tentis were.
S*ir* gawan fechtand was one fut At erde,
And no defend, but only in his ſwerde,
A3anis them bot*h* w*ith* ſpere and ſcheld.
Of galowa the kny*ch*t goith to the erde.[1]
Thar was the batell furyous and woid
Of armyt kny*ch*t*is*; to the grownde thai 3hud.
S*ir* ywane, that was a noble knyght,
He ſchew his ſtrenth, he ſchew thar h*is* gr*et* my*ch*t,
In al his tyme that neu*er* of before
Off armys, nore of kny*ch*thed, did he more:
S*ir* gawan thar reſkewit he of fors,
Magre his fois, and haith hyme ſet one horß
That frome the firſt *con*quest king he wañ;
Bot ſ*ir* gawan ſo ewill was wondit than,
And in the feld ſupp*r*ſit was ſo ſore,
That he the werß thar of was eu*er*more.
Thar ſchew the lord ſ*ir* ywan h*is* curage,
His manhed, & h*is* noble waſſolage;
And gawan, in his doing, wald no*ch*t irk;
So al the day enduring, to the dyrk

[1] Read "felde"?

Sal them, magre of thar deſyre, *conſtr*en
On ayar half fore [to] dep*ar*t in twen.
And when that gawan of his horſß vas toñ,
The blud out of his noiß & mouth is goñ,
And largly ſo paſſith euery wounde,
In ſwonyng thore he fell one to the ground:
Than of the puple petee was to here
The lemytable clamour, and the chere;
And of the king the ſorow and the care,
That of his nec*is* lyf was in diſſpare.
"Far well," he ſais, "my gladnes, & my delyt,
Apone kny*cht*hed far well myne appetit,
Fare well of manhed al the g*r*et curage,
Yow flour of armys and of vaſſolage,
Gif yow be loſt!"—thus til his tent hyme bro*cht*
W*ith* wofull hart, and al the ſurry3enis ſocht,
Wich for to cum was reddy at his neid;
Thai fond the lord was of his lyf i*n* dreid,
For wondit was he, and ek wondit ſo,
And in his ſyd ware brokyne Ribys two.
Bot no*cht* for thi the king thai maid beleif
[Fol. 34 *a*.] That at that tyme he ſhuld the deith eſcheſ.
[O]ff melyhalt the ladyis kny*chtis* were
In to the feld, and can thir tithing*is* here,
And home to thar lady ar thai went,
Til hir to ſchewing eft*er* thar entent,
In euery poynt, how that the batell ſtud
Of galiot, and of his multitud;
And how gawan hyme in the feld hath borñ,
Throw quhoys ſwerd ſo many o kny*cht* vas lorñ,
And of the kny*cht*ly wond*er*is that he wro*cht*,
Syne how that he one to his tent vas bro*cht*.
The lady hard, that lowit gawan so,
She gan to wep, in to[1] hir hart vas wo.

[1] MS. "in in."

Thir tythyng*is* one to lancelot ar goñ,
Whar of that he was wond*er* wo bygone,
And for the lady haſtely he sent,
And ſche til hyme, at his co*m*mand, Is went:
He ſaluſt hir, and ſaid, "madem, Is trew
Thir tithing*is* I her report of new
Of the aſſemble, and meting of the oſt,
And of ſ*ir* gawan, wich that ſhuld be loſt?
If that be ſwth, adew the flour of armys,
Now neu*er*more recou*er*yt be the harmys!
In hyme was manhed, curteſſy, and trouth,
Beſy trawell In kny*ch*thed, ay but ſleuth,
Humylite, gentrice, and cwrag;
In hyme thar was no man*er* of outrage.
Allace! kny*ch*t, allace! what ſhal yow ſay?
Yow may complen, yow may bewail the day
As of his deith, and gladſchip aucht to ſes,
Baith menſtraſy and feſting at the des;
For of this lond he was the holl comfort,
In tyme of ned al kny*ch*thed to ſupport!
Allace! madem, and I durſt ſay at ȝhe
Al yhour beheſt not kepit haith to me,
Whar of that I was in to full belef
Aȝañe this day that I ſchuld have my lef,
And no*ch*t as cowart thus ſchamfully to ly
Excludit in to cage frome chewalry,
Whar othir kny*ch*t*is* anarmyt on thar ſtedis
Hawnt*is* ther ȝhouthhed in to kny*ch*tly dedis."
"S*ir*," q*uo*d ſche, "I red yhow not diſpleſs,
[Fol. 34 *b*.] ȝhe may In tyme her eft*er* cum at es;
For the thrid day Is ordanit, & ſhal be
Of the oſt*is* a new aſſemble,
And I have gart ordan al the gere
That longith to ȝour body for to were,
Boith horſs and armour In the ſamyne wyſs
Of ſable, ewyne aftir ȝhour awn dewyſs;

And yhe ſal her remayne one to the day;
Syne may ȝhe paſs, fore well ȝhe knaw the way."
"I will obey, madem, to yhour entent."
*Wi*th that ſche goith, and to hir reſt is went:
One the morn arly vp ſche roſs
*Wi*thout delay, and to the kny*ch*t ſche gois,
And twk hir lef, and ſaid that ſcho vald fare
On to the court, w*i*th-outen any mare.
Than knelit he, and thankit hir oft ſys,
That ſche ſo mych hath done hyme of ge*n*triſs,
And hir byhecht eu*er*, at his myght,
To be hir awn trew & ſtedfaſt kny*ch*t.
Sche thonkith hyme, and ſyne ſche goith h*er* way
On to the king, w*i*th-owten more delay,
Whar that i*n*[1] honour w*i*th king & qwen ſche ſall
Ry*ch*t thonkfully refauit be w*i*th all.
Eſt to ſ*ir* gawan thai hir led, & ſche
Ryght gladly hyme deſyrit for to ſee,
And ſche hyme fond, and ſche was glad tharfore,
All vthir ways than was hir told before.
The kny*ch*t, the wich in to hir keping vas,
Sche had *com*mandit to hir cuſſynece,
Wich cheriſt hyme apone hir beſt manere,
And comfort hyme, and maid hy*m* ry*ch*t gud chere.
[T]he days goith, ſo paſſith als the ny*ch*t,
The thrid morow, as that the ſone vas ly*ch*t,
The kny*ch*t onon out of his bed aroſs,
The maden ſone one to his chalm*er* goſs,
And ſacretly his armour one hyme ſpent.
He tuk his lef, and ſyne his way he went
Ful prewaly, ry*ch*t to the ſamyne greñ
One the rewere, whar he befor han ben,
Ewyne as the day the firſt courſs hath maad.
Alone ry*ch*t thar he howit, and abaade,

[1] MS. "*wi*th;" which is crossed out, and "i*n*" inserted above, rather minutely written.

[Fol. 35 *a*.] Behalding to the bertes, whar the qweñ
Befor at the aſſemble he had señ.
Ry*cht* ſo the ſone ſchewith furt*h* his ly*cht*,
And to his armour went is euery wy*cht*;
One athir half the Iuſting is bygon,
And many o fair and knych[t]ly courſs is rown.
The blak kny*cht* ȝhit howyns on his ſted,
Of al thar doing takith he no hed,
Bot ay, apone the beſynes of tho*cht*,
In beholding his ey dep*ar*tit no*cht*.
To quhom the lady of melyhalt beheld,
And knew hyme by h*is* armour & h*is* ſcheld,
Qwhat that he was; and thus ſche ſaid one hy*cht*:
"Who is he ȝone? who may he be, ȝhone kny*cht*,
So ſtill that hovith and ſterith not his Ren,
And ſeith the kny*chtis* rynyng one the greñ?"
Than al beholdith, and in princypale
S*ir* gawan beholdith moſt of all;
Of melyha[l]t the lady to hyme maid
In*con*tine*n*t, his couche and gart be had
Be-fore o wyndew thore as he my*cht* se
The kny*cht*, the oſt, and al the aſſemble.
He lukith furt*h*, and ſone the kny*cht* hath ſen,
And, but delay, he ſaith one to the qwen,
"Madem, if ȝhe remembir, ſo it was
The red kny*cht* in to the ſamyne place
That wencuſt al the firſt aſſemble;
Whar that ȝone kny*cht* howis, howit hee."
"ȝha," q*uod* the qwen, "ry*cht* well remembir I;
Qwhat is the cauſs at ȝhe inquere, & quhy?"
"Madem, of this larg warld is he
The kny*cht* the wich[1] I moſt deſir to ſee,
His ſtrenth, his ma*n*hed, his curag, and h*is* my*cht*,
Or do in armys, that longith to o kny*cht*."

[1] MS. "that" after "which" deleted.

[B]y thus, arthur, *with* conſell well awyſit,
Haith ordanit his batell*is*, and devyſit:
The firſt of them led ydrus king, & he
O worthy man vas ne*m*myt for to bee.
The ſecund led harwy the Reweyll,
That in this world was kny*cht* that had moſt feill
For to p*ro*wid that longith to the were,
One agit kny*cht*, and well couth armys bere.
[Fol. 35 *b*.] [T]he thrid feld deliu*er*it in the hond
Of ang*us*, king of ylys of ſcotlande,
Wich cuſing was one to king arthur nere,
One hardy kny*cht* he was, *with*outen were.
The ferd batell led ywons the king,
O manly kny*cht* he was In to al thing.
And thus dewyſit ware his batell*is* fere,
In euery feld xv thouſand were.
[T]he fift[1] batell the lord ſ*ir* ywan lede
Whois ma*n*hed was i*n* euery cu*n*tre dred,
Sone he was one to wryne the kyng,
Forwart, ſtout, hardy, wyß, and ȝhing;
Xx thouſand in his oſt thai paſt,
Wich ordanit was for to aſſemble laſt.
[A]nd galiot, apone the tothir ſyde,
Ry*cht* wyſly gan h*is* batell*is* to dewid.
The firſt of them led malenginys the king,
None hardyar In to this erth lewyng;
He neu*er* more out of his cuntre Raid,
Nor he *with* hyme one hunder*eth* kny*chtis* hade.
[T]he ſecund the first conqueſt king led,
That for no p*er*ell of armys vas adred.
The thrid, o king clepit walydeyne,
He led, and was o manly kny*cht*, but weyne.
[T]he ferd, king clamede*us* has,
Wich that lord of far ylys was.

[1] MS. "firſt." See l. 2868.

The fift[1] batell, whar xl thouſand were,
King brandymag*us* had to led and ſtere,
O manly kny*cht*, and prewit well oft ſyſs,
And in his conſell wond*er* ſcharp & wyſs.
Galiot non armys bur that day,
Nor as o kny*cht* he wald hyme-ſelf aray,
But as o ſ*er*uand in o habariowne,
O prekyne hat, and ek o gret trownſciowñ
In til his hond, and one o curſour ſet,
The beſt that was in ony lond to get.
Endlong the rewar men my*cht* behold & ſee,
Of kny*chtis* weryne mony one aſſemble;
And the blak kny*cht* ſtill he couth abyde,
W*ith*out remowyng, one the Riwer ſyde,
Bot to the bartes to behold and ſee
Thar as his hart deſyrit moſt to bee:
And quhen the lady of melyhalt haith ſeñ
[Fol. 36 *a*.] The kny*cht* ſo ſtond, ſche ſaid one to the qweñ,
"Madem, It is my conſell at ȝhe send
One to ȝone kny*cht*, ȝour ſelf for to *com*mend,
Beſeiching hyme that he wald wnd*er*tak
This day to do of armys, for ȝour ſak."
The quen anſuerit as that hir lykit no*cht*,
For othir thing was more In to hir tho*cht*,
"For well ȝhe ſe the p*er*ell how disiont,
The adwentur now ſtondith one the point,
Boith of my lord his honore, and h*is* lond,
And of his men, *in* dang*er* how thai ſtond;
Bot ȝhe, and ek thir vthere ladice may,
If that yhow lykith, to the kny*cht* gar ſay
The meſag; is none that wil yhow let,
For I tharof ſal no*cht* me ent*er*met."
On to the quen ſcho ſaith, "her I,
If ſo it pleſs thir vthir ladice by,

[1] MS. "firſt."

Am for to ſend one to the knyc*h*t *con*tent;"
And al the ladice can thar to aſſent,
Beſeching hir the meſag to dewyß,
As ſche that was moſt prudent & moſt wyß.
Sche grantit, and o madeñ haith thei tone,
Diſcret, apone this meſag for till gone;
And ſ*ir* gawan a ſqwyar bad alſo,
W*ith* two ſperis one to the knyc*h*t to go.
The lady than, w*ith*outen more dulay,
Haith chargit hir apone this wyß to ſay:
"Schaw to the knyc*h*t, the ladice eu*er*-ilkone
Ben In the court, excep the quen allon,
Til hyme them haith reco*m*manḋit oft ſyß,
Beſeching hyme of knyc*h*thed and gentriß,
(Or if It hapyne eu*er*more that he ſhall
Cum, quhar thai may, owther an or all,
In ony thing awail hyme or ſupport,
Or do hyme ony pleſans or comfort,)
He wold wichſaif for loue of them this day
In armys ſum manhed to aſſay;
And ſay, ſ*ir* gawan, hyme the ſper*is* ſent;
Now go, this is the fek of our entent."
The damyſell ſche hath hir palfray tone,
The sqwyar w*ith* the ſperis w*ith* hir goñ;
[Fol. 36 *b*.] The ne*r*eſt way thai paß one to ye knyc*h*t,
Whar ſche repete hir meſag haith ful ryc*h*t:
And quhen he hard, and planly wnde*r*ſtude,
How that the quen not in the meſag ȝude,
He ſpak no word, bot he was not *con*tent;
Bot of ſ*ir* gawan, glaid in his entent,
He aſkit quhar he was, and of h*is* fair.
And thai to hyme the man*er* can duclair;
Than the ſqwyar he prayth that he wold
Paß to the feld, the ſperis for to hold.
He ſaw the knyc*h*t*is* ſemblyng her and thare,
The ſtedis Rynyng w*ith* the ſadill*is* bare;

His ſpuris goith in to the ſtedis syde,
That was ful ſwyft, and lykit not to byd;
And he that was hardy, ferß, and ſtout,
Furth by o ſyd aſſemblyng on a rout
Whar that one hunder*e*reth kny*ch*t*is* was, & mo;
And w*ith* the firſt has Recounter*i*t so,
That frome the deth not helpith hy*m* h*is* ſcheld,
Boith horß and man is lying in the feld;
The ſpere is gone, and al in pecis brak,
And he the trunſcyoune in h*is* hand hath tak
That two or thre he haith the ſadill*is* reft,
Whill in his hond ſchortly no thing is left.
Syne, to the ſquyar, of the feld is goñ,
Fro hyme o ſpere In to his hond haith ton,
And to the feld returnyt he a3ayne:
The firſt he met, he goith one the plan,
And ek the next, and ſyne the thrid alſo;
Nor in his hond, nore in his ſtrak was ho.
His e*n*nemys that veryng In affray
Befor his ſtrok, and makith rovm alway;
And in ſich wyß ay in the feld he vro*ch*t,
Whill that his ſperis gon var al to no*ch*t;
Whar of ſ*ir* gawan berith vitneſing
Throw al this world that thar vas non levyng,
In ſo ſchort tyme ſo mych of armys wro*ch*t.
His ſperis gone, out of the feld he ſo*ch*t,
And paſſit is one to the Rewere syde,
Ry*ch*t thore as he was wont for to abyde;
[Fol. 37 *a*.] And ſo beholdyne In the ſamyne plañ,
As to the feld hyme lykit no*ch*t a3añ.
Sir gawan ſaw, and ſaith on to the quen,
"Madem, yhone knycht diſponit [not],[1] I weyñ,
To help ws more, fore he ſo is awyſit;
As I p*re*ſume, he thinkith hyme diſpiſit

[1] MS. omits "not."

Of the meſag that we gart to hyme mak ;
Yhowre ſelf yhe have ſo ſpecialy out tak,
He thinkith ewill contempnit for to bee,
Conſid*er*ing how that the neceſſitee
Moſt prinſpaly to yhowr ſupporting lyis.
Tharfor my conſell is, yhow to dewyß,
And ek 3howre ſelf i*n* yhowr t*r*eſpas accuß,
And aſk hyme mercy, and yhour gilt excuß.
For well it oucht o prince or o king
Til honore and til cheriß in al thing
O worthi man, that is in kny*ch*thed p*r*ewit ;
For throw the body of o man eſchevit
Mony o wondir, mony one aduenture,
That me*r*well war til any creature.
And als oft tyme is boith hard & ſen,
Quhar xl thouſand haith diſcu*m*fit ben
Vith v thouſand, and only be o kny*ch*t ;
For throw his ſtrenth, his vorſchip, & h*is* my*ch*t,
His falowſchip ſich comfort of hym tais
That thai ne dreid the dang*er* of thar fays.
And thus, madem, I wot, w*ith*outen were,
If that 3hone kny*ch*t this day will p*er*ſywere
W*ith* his manhed for helping of the king,
We ſal have cauß to dred in to no thing.
Our folk of hyme thai ſal ſich comfort tak,
And ſo adred thar ennemys ſal mak,
That ſur I am, onys or the ny*ch*t,
Of forß 3hone folk ſal tak one them the fly*ch*t :
Wharffor, madem, that 3he have gilt to mend,
My conſell is one to 3hon kny*ch*t 3e ſend."
"S*ir*," q*uod* ſche, "quhat pleſſith yhow to do
3he may dewyß, and I conſent thar-to."
Than was the lady of melyhalt *con*tent,
And to *ſir* gawan in to *con*tynent
[Fol. 37 *b*.] Sche clepit the maid, wich that paſſit ar ;
And he hir bad the meſag thus duclar.

"Say the kny*cht*, the quen hir reco*mm*endith,
And ſal correk in quhat that ſche offendith
At his awn will, how ſo hyme liſt dewyß;
And hyme exortith, in moſt humyll wyß,
As eu*er* he will, whar that ſche can or may,
Or powar haith hir charg, be ony way,
And for his worſchip and his hie ma*n*hede,
And for hir luf, to helpen i*n* that ned
The king*is* honore, his land fore to preſerf,
That he hir thonk for eu*er* may deſerf."
And four ſquyaris chargit he alſo
W*ith* thre horß and ſperis x to go
Furt*h* to the knycht, hyme prayng for his ſak,
At his raqueſt thame in his ned to tak.
[T]he maden furt*h* w*ith* the ſqwyar*is* is went
One to the kny*cht*, and ſchawith yer entent.
The meſag hard, and ek ye preſent ſeñ,
He anſwerit, and aſkith of the qwen;
"S*ir*," q*uod* ſche, ["sche][1] in to ȝhone bartiis lyis,
Whar that this day yhour dedis ſal dewyß,
Yhowr manhed, yhour worſchip, and affere,
How ȝhe *con*teñ, and how yhe armys bere;
The quen hir ſelf, and many o lady to,
Sal Iug*is* be, and vitnes how yhe do."
Than he, whois hart ſtant in o new aray,
Saith, "damyceyll, on to my lady ſay,
How eu*er* that hir lykith that it bee,
Als far as wit or powar is in me,
I am hir kny*cht*, I ſal at hir *com*mand
Do at I may, w*ith*outen more demand.
And to ſ*ir* gawan, for his gret gentriß,
Me reco*mm*end, and thonk a thouſand ſyß."
W*ith* that o ſper he takith in his hond,
And ſo in to his ſterapis can he ſtond

[1] Professor Skeats' insertion; but "wha that" instead of "whar that" in next line might be a better emendation.

That to ſir gawan ſemyth that the knycht
Encreſyng gon o larg fut one hycht;
And to the ladice ſaith he, and the qwen,
"Ȝhon is the knycht that euer I have ſen
In al my tyme moſt knychtly of affere,
And in hyme ſelf gon fareſt armys bere."
[Fol. 38 a.] [T]he knycht that haith Remembrit in his thocht
The qwenys chargis, & how ſche hym beſocht,
Curag can encreſing to his hart;
His curſer lap, and gan onon to ſtart;
And he the ſqwaris haith reqwyrit ſo,
That thai with hyme one to the feld wald go.
Than goith he one, withouten mor abaid,
And our the reuar to the feld he raid;
Don goith his ſpere onone In to the Reſt,
And in he goith, withouten mor areſt,
Thar as he ſaw moſt perell and moſt dred
In al the feld, and moſt of help[1] had ned,
Whar ſemblyt was the firſt conqueſt king
With mony o knycht that was in his leding.
The firſt he met, doune goith boith horß & man;
The ſper was holl, and to the next he Rañ
That helpit hyme his hawbrek nor his ſcheld,
Bot throuch and throuch haith perſit in the feld.
Sir kay, the wich haith this encontyr ſen,
His horß he ſtrekith our the larg gren,
And ſir ſygramors ek the deſyrand,
With ſir greſown cummyth at yer honde,
Son of the duk, and alſua ſir ywan
The baſtart, and ſir brandellis onan,
And gaherß, wich that broyir was
To gawan; thir ſex in a Raß
Deliuerly com prekand our the feldis
With ſperis ſtraucht, and couerit with thar ſcheldis;

[1] MS. "held."

Sum for love, ſum honor to purcheß,
And aftir them one hunder*e*th kny*ch*t*is* was,
In ſamyne will, thar manhed to aſſay.
On his v falowis clepit than ſ*ir* kay,
And ſaith them, "ſ*ir*is, thar has 3hond*er* ben
A courß that neu*er* more farar was ſen
Maid be o kny*ch*t, and we ar cu*m*myn ilkon
Only ws one worſchip to diſpone;
And neu*er* we in al our dais my*ch*t
Have bet axampil than iffith ws 3one kny*ch*t
Of well doing; and her I hecht for me
Ner hyme al day, if that I may, to bee,
And folow hyme at al my*ch*t I ſall,
Bot deth or vthir adwentur me fall.
W*ith* that thir ſex, al in one aſſent,
W*ith* freſch curag In to the feld Is went.
[Fol. 38 *b*.] The blak kny*ch*t*is* ſpere in pec*is* goñe,
Frome o ſqwyar oñe vthir haith he toñe,
And to the feld onone he goith ful ry*ch*t;
Thir ſex w*ith* hyme ay holdith at y*er* my*ch*t.
And than bygan his wond*er*is in the feld;
Thar was no helme, no hawbryk, nore no ſcheld,
Nor yhit no kny*ch*t ſo hardy, ferß, nore ſtout,
No 3hit no man*er* armour my*ch*t hald owt
His ſtrenth, nore was of powar to w*ith*ſtond;
So mych of armys dyde he w*ith* his honde,
That euery wight ferleit of h*is* deid,
And al his fois ſtondith ful of dreid.
So beſely he can his tyme diſpend,
That of the ſperis wich ſ*ir* gawin ſend,
Holl of them all thar was not lewit oñe;
Throw wich, but m*er*cy, to the deyth is gon
Ful many o kny*ch*t, and many o weriour,
That cout*h* ſuſten ful hardely o ſtour.
And of his horß ſupp*ri*ſit ded ar two,
One of his awn, of gawanis one alſo,

And he one fut was fechtand one the gren,
When that *ſir* kay haith w*ith* his falowis ſeñ;
The ſqwyar w*ith* his horß than to hy*m* bro*cht*;
Magre his fois he to his courſeir ſo*cht*
Deliu*er*ly, as of o my*cht*y hart,
W*ith*out ſteropis in to his ſadill ſtart,
That euery wycht beholding m*er*vel has
Of his ſtrenth and deliu*er* beſynes.
S*ir* kay, ſeing his horß, and how that thai
War cled in to *ſir* gawanis aray,
Aſkith at the ſquyar if he knewith
What that he was, this kny*cht*? & he hym ſchewith
He wiſt no thing quhat that he was, nore hee
Befor that day hyme neu*er* ſaw w*ith* Ee.
Than aſkith he, how and one quhat wyß
On gawanis horß makith hyme ſich ſe*r*uice?
The ſqwar ſaith, "forſuth y wot no more;
My lord ws bad, I not the cauß quharfore."
The blak kny*cht*, horſit, to the feld can ſew
Als freſch as he was in the morow new;
The ſex falowis folowit hyme ilkone,
And al in front on to the feld ar goñ;
[Fol. 39 *a*.] Ry*cht* freſchly one thar ennemys thai ſoght,
And many o fair poynt of armys vroght.
[T]han hapnyt to king malangins oſt
By ydras king diſcu*m*fit was, & loſt,
And fled, and to the *con*queſt king ar goñe,
Thar boith the batell*is* aſſemblit In to one;
King malengynis in to his hart was wo,
For of hyme ſelf no bett*er* kny*cht* my*cht* go;
Thar xl thouſand war thai for xv.
Than my*cht* the feld ry*cht* p*er*ellus be ſen
Of armyt kny*chtis* gaping one the ground,
Sum deith, and ſum w*ith* mony a grewous wond;
For arthuris kny*chtis*, that manly war and gud,
Suppos that vthir was o multitude,

Refauit tham well at the ſperis end;
Bot one ſuch wyß thai may not lang defend.
The blak kny*ch*t ſaw the dang*er* of the feld,
And al his doing*is* knowith quho beheld,
And ek reme*m*brith in to his entent
Of the meſag that ſche haith to hyme ſent:
Than curag, ſtrenth encreſing w*ith* ma*n*hed,
Ful lyk o kny*ch*t one to the feld he raid,
Thinking to do his ladice love to have,
Or than his deth befor hir to reſave.
Thar he begynyth in his ferß curag
Of armys, as o lyoune in his rag;
Than m*er*well was his doing to behold;
Thar was no kny*ch*t ſo ſtrong, nor yhit ſo bold,
That in the feld befor his ſuerd he met,
Nor he ſo hard his ſtrok apone hyme ſet,
That ded or wondit to the erth he ſo*ch*t;
For thar was not bot wonde*r*is that he wro*ch*t.
And magre of his fois eu*er*ilkone,
In to the feld oft tymys hyme aloñ
Throuch and throuch he paſſith to & fro;
For in the ward it was the man*er* tho
That non o kny*ch*t ſhuld be the brydill tak
Hyme to oreſt, nore cum behynd h*is* bak,
Nor mo than on at onys one o kny*ch*t
Shuld ſtrik, for that tyme worſchip ſtud ſo ry*ch*t.
Ȝhit was the feld ry*ch*t pe*r*ellus and ſtrong
Til arthuris folk, ſet thai *con*tenyt longe;
[Fol. 39 *b*.] Bot in ſich wyß this blak kny*ch*t can *con*ten,
That thai, the wich that hath his manhed ſeñ,
Sich hardyment haith takyne In his ded,
Them tho*ch*t thai had no man*er* cauß of dred,
Als long as he my*ch*t owthir ryd or go,
At euery ned he them recomfort ſo.

Sir kay haith with his falowis al the day
Folowit hyme al that he can or may,
And wondir well thai have in armys prewit,
And with thar manhed oft thar folk relewit;
Bot well thai faucht in diuerß placis fere,
With multitud yer folk confuſit were,
That long in ſich wyß[1] mycht thai nocht conteñ.
Sir kay, that hath ſir gawans ſquyaris[2] ſen,
He clepit hyme, and haith hyme prayt ſo,
That to ſir harwy the rewell wil he go,
And ſay to hyme, "ws think hyme ewil awyſit;
For her throuch hyme he ſufferit be ſuppriſit
The beſt knycht that euer armys bur;
And if it ſo befell of adwentur,
In his defalt, that he be ded or lamyt,
This warld ſal have hyme vtraly defamyt.
And her ar of the round table alſo
A faloufchip, that ſall in well and wo
Abid with hyme, and furth for to endur
Of lyf or deth, this day, thar adwentur;
And if ſo fal difcumfyt at thai bee,
The king may ſay that wonder ewill haith he
Contenit hyme, and kepit his honore,
Thus for to tyne of chevalry the flour!"
The ſqwar hard, and furth his way Raid,
In termys ſchort he al his meſag ſaid.
Sir harwy ſaith, "y witneß god, that I
Neuer in my days comytit tratory,
And if I now begyne In to myne eld
In ewill tyme fyrſt com I to this feld
Bot, if god will, I ſal me ſon difcharg.
Say to ſir kay, I ſal not ber the charg,

[1] After "wyß" is "conten" deleted. [2] MS. "qſquyaris."

He ſal no mat*er* have me to rapref,
I ſal amend this mys if that I lef."
The ſqwyar went and tellit to ſ*ir* kay;
And ſ*ir* harwy, in al the haſt he may,
Aſſemblyt hath his oſt*is*, & onoñ
[Fol. 40 *a*.] In gret deſyre on to the feld is gon
Before his folk, and haldith furt*h* his way;
Don goith his ſper, and ewyne before ſ*ir* kay
So hard o kny*ch*t he ſtrykith in his ten
That horß and he lay boith apone the gren.
S*ir* gawan ſaw the count*er* that he maad,
And leuch for al the ſarnes that he had:
That day ſ*ir* harwy prewyt in the feld
Of armys more than longith to his eld,
For he was more than fyfty yher of ag,
Set he was ferß and ȝong in his curag;
And fro that he aſſemblyt his bataill
Doune goith the folk of galot*is* al haill:
For to w*ith*ſtond thai war of no poware,
And yhit of folk x thouſand mo thei vare.
Kyng valydone, that ſauch on ſuch o wyß
His falowis dang*er*it w*ith* thar ennemys,
W*ith* al his folk, being freß and new,
Goith to the feld onon, them to reſſkew;
Thar was the feld ry*ch*t p*er*ellus aȝañe,
Of arthuris folk ful many on var ſlan.
Bot angus, quhich that lykith not to bid,
And ſaw the p*er*ell one the tothir ſid,
His ſted he ſtrok, and w*ith* his oſt is gon
Whar was moſt ned, and thar the feld has ton.
Kyng clamedyus makith non abaid,
Bot w*ith* his oſt one to the ſid he raid.
And ywons king, that haith his cu*mm*yn ſen,
Encounter*it* hyme in myddis of the greñ.
The aucht batell*is* aſſemblyt one this wiß;
On ather half the clamore and the cryiß

In gret Desire on to the feld he gon
Bespak hir Scott and Baldok fast hir bad
Don grantz hir hors and armour before ssay
So hard o knyt till stryking in hir fay
That hors and ha-Cay bouth apone the grene
Grabbay all the remnt tratt he had
And Cruelly for al the Sawar tratt he had
That day ffor hir wardour in the feld
Of armyt men tratly Cowpith to hir eld
Now he war more than fifty thar of ane
But he war stout and zollyng hir enb ane
And fra tratt he assembld hir betaill
Dowr grantz the folk of Galoth all
ffor to withstand tray war of no pouar
And thai of fell and tresonabill war
Wyt ye weil Sothron tratt sueh on such a wyss
Thar fell betwix Dunfre and tratt Cumnyng
Wt all hir folk bowne stuff and wed
grantz to the feld anon tratly to ressaw
And thai war the feld ry perfitte ane
Of armyt folk ful many on raw slan
Bot ane he quhen tratt thai wil not to bid
And all the rest one ther bettis fled
Hir fled he stroke and wt thar off he gon
Thai war mast mad and tratt ther fled hir by
Mych slauchtir mak tratt many abad
Bot wt hir off one to the fild he zad
And zalbond semt tratt thai hir trumpyt thar
Ar comyt by me my middis of the gretty
The mast battell assembld one thar wyss
By athir half the slauchtir and the tryst
War Cumtable and perfitt ful hir
Of stout strak on both pardé sone
Wondi thar and fallyng to and fra
Thai Galgotts folk war ay thar fast mo
Quhen blak Lyndsay tha ay to him self he said
Cummandis the slogh ysloh hardy dar abraid
Sa thay ye hors tratt wyll thar mak fayt
wt Cote armyr quhare ye bar ye thar ye
wyll hardyar stalwartar wyll nane ga fra me
Nor thai nay bettir wittis trettis
And bot thai do tratt ye the to amend
The Cadzow wyll ay the thar and
And thai yhald thar that ay to him assemyl

Was lametable and petws for til her,
Of knyc*h*t*is* wich in diuer*s* placis ſere
Wondit war, and fallyng to and fro,
3hit galyot*is* folk war xx thouſand mo.
The blak knyc*h*t than on to hyme-ſelf he ſaid:
"Remembir the, how yhow haith ben araid,
Ay ſen ye hour that yow was makid knyc*h*t,
W*ith* love, a3ane quhois powar & whois myc*h*t
Yow haith no ſtrenth, yow may It not endur,
Nor 3hit non vthir erthly creatur;
And bot two thing*is* ar the to amend,
Thi ladice mercy, or thi lyvys end.
And well yhow wot that on to hir p*re*ſens,
[Fol. 40 *b*.] Til hir eſtat, nor til hir excellens,
Thi febilneſs neu*er*more is able
For to attan, ſche is ſo honorable.
And ſen no way yow may ſo hie extend,
My verray conſell is, that yow pretend
This day, (ſen yow becu*m*myne art hir knyc*h*t
Of hir comand, and fechtit in hir ſyc*h*t),
And well yow ſchaw, ſen yow may do no mor,
That of reſone ſche ſal the thank tharfore;
Of euery poynt of cowardy yow ſcham,
And in til armys purcheſs the ſum nam."
W*ith* that of love in to o new deſir
His ſpere he ſtraucht, and ſwift as any wyre
W*ith* al his forſs the ne*r*est feld he ſoght;
His ful ſtrenth in armys thar he vroght,
In to the feld ruſching to and fro,
Doune goith the man, doune goith the horſs alſo;
Sum throw the ſcheld is perſit to the hart,
Sum throw the hed, he may It not aſtart.
His bludy ſuerd he dreuch, that carwit ſo
Fro ſum the hed, and ſum the arm in two;
Sum in the feld fellit is in ſwoñ,
Throw ſum his ſuerd goith to the ſadill doune.

His fois waren abaſit of his dedis,
His mortell ſtrok ſo gretly for to dred Is;
Whar thei hyme ſaw, with*i*n a lytall ſpace,
For dreid of ded, thai levyng hyme the place,
That many o ſtrok ful oft he haith forlorñ;
The ſpedy horß away the kny*ch*t hath borñ.
In to his wyrking neu*er*more he ſeſt,
Nor non abaid he makith, nor areſt.
His falowis, ſo in his kny*ch*thed aſſuryd,
Thai ar reco*m*fort, thar manhed is recou*er*yt,
And one thar fois ful ferſly thai ſoght,
Thar goith the lyf of many o kny*ch*t to no*ch*t.
So was the batell wond*er*ful to tell,
Of kny*ch*t*is* to ſe the multitud that fell,
That pety war til ony kny*ch*t to ſeñ
The kny*ch*t*is* lying gaping on the gren.
The blak kny*ch*t ay *con*tinewit ſo faſt,
Whilk many one diſcumfit, at the laſt
[Fol. 41 *a*.] Are fled, and planly of the feld thei pas:
And galyot haith wondyr, for he was
Of mor powar, and aſkit at them qwhy
As cowart*is* thai fled ſa ſchamfully?
Than ſaith o kny*ch*t, for wondit in the brayne,
"Who lykith, he may Retwrn a3ayne
Frome qwhens we come, m*er*walis for to ſee,
That in his tyme neu*er* ſich ſauch hee."
"Marwell," q*uod* he, "that dar I boldly ſay
They may be callit, and quhat thai ar, I pray?"
"Schir, in the feld forſuth thar is o kny*ch*t,
That only throw his body and his my*ch*t
Wencuſſith all, that thar may non ſuſten
His ſtrokis, thai ar ſo fureows and ken.
He farith as o lyone or o beyre,
Wod in his rag, for ſich is his affere.
Nor he, the kny*ch*t in to the armys Red,
Wich at the first aſſemble in this ſted

Wencuſſith all, and had the holl renown,
He may to this be no comp*ar*yſou*n*e,
Fore neu*er* he ſeſith ſen the day vas goñ,
Bot eu*er*more *con*tinewit in to one."
Quod galiot, "in nome of god! and we
Al, be tyme, the ſuthfaſtneß ſal see."
[T]han he in armys that he had is gon,
And to the feld w*ith* hyme a3ane hath ton
Al the flear*is*, and foundyne[1] ſich aray
His folk, that ner diſcumfyt al war thay;
Bot quhen thai ſaw cu*m*myne our the plan
Thar lord, thai tuk ſich hardeme*n*t a3añ,
That thar eſſen3eis lowd thai gon to cry.
He chargit tham to go, that ware him by,
Straucht to the feld, w*ith* all thar holl forß;
And thai, the wich that ſparit not the horß,
All redy war to fillyng his *com*mand,
And freſchly went, w*ith*owten more demand:
Throw qwich thar folk recou*er*yt haith thar place,
For al the feld p*re*ſwmyt that thar was
O new oft, one ſuch o wyß thai ſoght;
Whar arthuris folk had paſſith al to no*ch*t,
Ne war that thai the bett*er* war ilkoñe,
And at thai can them vtraly diſpoñe
[Fol. 41 *b*.] Rather to dee than flee, in thar entent,
And of the blak kny*ch*t haith ſich hardyment;
For at al p*er*ell, al harmys, and myſchef,
In tyme of ned he can tham all ralef.
[T]har was the batell danger*us* & ſtrong,
Gret was the pres, bat*h* perell*us* & throng;
The blak kny*ch*t is born on to the ground,
His horß hyme falyth, that fellith dethis wound.
The vi falowis, that falowit hyme al day,
Sich was the preß, that to the erth go thay;

[1] So in MS. Should be probably "found in," not "foundyne."

And thar in myd among his ennemys
He was about enclofit one fich wyß
That quhare he was non of [his] falowis knew,
Nor my*cht* no*cht* cum to help hyme, nore reſkew.
And thus among his ennemys allon
His nakid ſuerd out of his hond haith ton;
And thar he p*re*wit his wertew & h*is* ſtrenth;
For thar was none w*ith*in the ſuerdis lenth
That came, bot he goith to confuſioune.
Thar was no helme, thar was no habirioune,
That may reſiſt his ſuerd, he ſmytith so;
One euery ſyd he helpith to and fro,
That al about the compas thai my*cht* ken,
The ded horß lyith virflyng w*ith* the men.
Thai hyme aſſalȝeing bot*h* w*ith* ſcheld & ſpere,
And he aȝane; as at the ſtok the bere
Snybbyth the hardy hound*is* that ar ken,
So farith he; for neu*er* my*cht* be ſen
His ſuerd to reſt, that in the gret rout
He rowmyth all the compas hyme about.
[A]nd galiot, beholding his manhed,
W*ith*in his ſelf wond*er*ith of his ded,
How that the body only of o kny*cht*
Haith ſich o ſtrenth, haith ſich offere & my*cht*;
Than ſaid he thus, "I wald not that throw me,
Or for my cauß, that ſuch o kny*cht* ſuld dee,
To conquer all this world that is ſo larg."
His horß than can he w*ith* his ſpuris charg,
A gret trunſioune In to his hond hath ton,
And in the thikeſt of the preß is goñ,
And al his folk chargit he to ſeß.
At his *com*mand thai levyng al the preß;
[Fol. 42 a.] And quhen he had departit all the rout,
He ſaid, ſ*ir* kny*cht*, havith now no dout."
Wich anſwerit, "I have no cauß to dred."
"Ȝis," q*uod* he, "ſa eu*er* god me ſped,

Bot apone fut quhill ȝe ar fechtand here,
And yhow defendith apone ſich manere,
So hardely, and ek ſo lyk o knyc*h*t,
I ſal my ſelf w*ith* al my holl myc*h*t
Be yhour defens, and varand fra al harmys;
Bot had yhe left of worſchip In til armys,
What I have don I wold apone no wyß;
Bot ſen yhe ar of knyc*h*thed ſo to prys,
Ȝhe ſalt no man*er* cauß have for to dred:
And ſet yhour horß be ſalit at this ned,
Diſpleß yhow not, for quhy ȝe ſal not want
Als many as yhow lykith for to hawnt;
And I my ſelf, I ſal yhowr ſqwyar bee,
And, if god will, neu*er* more ſal wee
Dep*ar*t;" w*ith* that, anon he can to lycht
Doune frome his horß, and gaf hyme to y^e^ knyc*h*t.
The lord he thonkit, and the horß hath ton,
And als ſo freſch one to the feld is gon,
As at no ſtrok*is* he that day had ben.
His falowis glad, one horß that hath hy*m* ſen,
To galiot one vthir horß thai broght;
And he goith one, and frome the feld he ſoc*h*t,
And to the plan quhar that his oſt*is* were;
And brandymagus chargit he to ſtere
Eſt*er* hyme, w*ith*in a lytill ſpace,
And x thouſand he takyne w*ith* hy*m* haß.
Towart the feld onon he can to Rid,
And chargit them befor ye oſt to byd.
Wp goith the trumpet*is*, and the claryownis,
Hornys, bugill*is* blawing furt*h* thar ſownis,
That al the cuntre reſownit hath about;
Than arthuris folk var in diſpar & dout,
That hard the noys, and ſaw the m*u*ltitud
Of freſch folk; thai cam as thai war wod.
[B]ot he that was w*ith*owten any dred,
In ſabill cled, and ſaw the gret ned,

Aſſemblyt al his falowis, and arayd ;[1]
And thus to them in manly *ter*mes ſaid :
[Fol. 42 *b*.] "What that ȝe ar I knaw not yhour eſtat,
Bot of ma*n*hed and worſchip, well I wat,
Out throuch this warld yhe aw to be *com*men*d*it,
This day ȝe have ſo kny*ch*tly yhow defendit.
And now yhe ſee how that, aȝanis the ny*ch*t,
Yhour ennemys p*re*tendit w*ith* thar myght
Of multitud, and w*ith* thar new oſt,
And w*ith* thar buglis and thar wynd*is* boſt
Freſchly cu*m*myng In to ſich aray,
To ifyne yhow one owtray or affray.
And now almoſt cu*m*myne Is the ny*ch*t,
Quharfor yhour ſtrenth, yhour curag, & yhovr my*ch*t
Yhe occupye in to ſo manly wyß,
That the worſchip of kny*ch*thed & empryß
That yhe have wonyng, and ye g*re*t renown
Be not yloſt, be not ylaid doune.
For one hour the ſufferyng of diſtreß,
Gret harm It war yhe tyne the hie encreß
Of vorſchip, ſe*r*uit al this day before.
And to yhow al my conſell is, tharfore,
W*ith* manly curag, but radour, yhe p*re*tend
To met tham ſcharply at the ſperis end,
So that thei feil the cold ſperis poynt
Out throw thar ſcheld*is*, in thar hart*is* poynt.
So ſal thai fynd we ar no thing affrayt ;
Whar throuch we ſall the well leß be aſſayt.
If that we met them ſcharply in the berd,
The formeſt ſal mak al the laif afferd."
And w*ith* o woyß thai cry al, "ſ*ir* kny*ch*t,
Apone yhour manhed, and yhour gret my*ch*t,
We ſal abid, for no man ſhall eſchef
Frome yhow this day, his ma*n*hed for to pref."

[1] MS., "t" has been changed to "d."

And to his oſt the lord ſir yvane ſaid,
"Yhe comfort yow, yhe be no thing affrayd,
Ws ned no more to dreding of ſuppriß;
We ſe the ſtrenth of al our ennemys."
Thus he ſaid, for he wend thai var no mo,
Bot ſir gawan knew well It vas not ſo;
For al the oſtis mycht he ſe al day,
And the gret hoſt he ſaw quhar yat it lay.
[A]nd galiot he can his folk exort,
Beſeching them to be of good comfort,
And ſich enconter[1]

[*The rest is wanting.*]

[1] The words "and sich enconter" are written under the last line as a catch-word for the following page.

GLOSSARY.

The New English Dictionary (N.E.D.), Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary (J.), and Bradley's Middle English Dictionary, are the chief authorities for this glossary, aided by a study of the glossaries of many texts of the Early English Text Society and of the Scottish Text Society, and a study of the text of Douglas, for which existing glossaries are incomplete. The abbreviations Sc. and N. are used to denote words peculiar to Scotland and the North of England. (N. includes Sc., the latter denoting a more restricted use.) When a reference to the French 'Lancelot' contains the abbreviation *transl.* (translated or translation), it means that the word referred to occurs in the equivalent passage in that text; when this is wanting, the word occurs in the French 'Lancelot' but not in the equivalent passage.

Abaid, *sb.* delay, North. form of abode, 1880, 3067, 3257, 3306.
Abid, *sb.* stay, 669; abyde, 2145.
Abasit, *v.* (1) *trans.* discomfited, 864; (2) *intr.* abashed, discomfited, 378, 2241, 3299; abasyt, 1451; abaysit, 2662. Transl. of "esbahis" in Fr. Lancelot.
Abraid, *v.* started, roused, 1230.
Access, *sb.* a fever or ague fit, 31.
Accorde, *sb.* agreement, 307.
Accorde, *v.* to be in harmony with, to be fitting, 1525; accordinge, 103, 321; accordith, 1203, 604; accordyth, 1677, 1949.
Acqueynt, *pa. ppl.* acquainted, 1710; aqwynt, 1294. Fr. Lancelot, "acointe."
Adew, (1) *interj.* adieu, 2751; (2) *adv.* away, 518.
Adred, *ppl. adj.* terrified, 378, 2662.
Affek. See Effece.
Afferd, *ppl. adj.* afraid, 3470.
Affere, *sb.* Sc. (1) affair, action, performance, 984; effere, 2358. Fr. Lancelot, "affaire." (2) bearing, deportment, 3041, 3392.
Afferis, *v.* belongs to, is fitting, 1688, 1959; afferith, 1549.
Affray, *sb.* (1) an attack, 3452; (2) terror produced by sudden disturbance or attack, 635, 2969.
Affrait, *ppl. adj.* terrified, 1147, 2640. Fr. Lancelot, "esfrae."
Affy, *v.* trust, 499, 1393.
Ago, *pa. ppl.* departed, gone, 159, 701.
Algait, always, 1994; algat, 1790.
Al out, entirely, altogether, 1674, 1789.
Als, (1) also, too, 146, 1575, &c.; (2) antecedent or correlative with as, als-as, 155, 563, &c.
Althir best, orig. force of althir lost, "althir best of two," 109.
Amen, pleasant, 998; ameyne, 64.
Anarmyt, armed, 619, 544, 2217, 2769; enarmyt, 285.
And=if, 1023, 1590.
Anerding, Sc. adhering, 345.
Anerly, (*North.*) only, 1475, 1694.
Apparell, material, requisites, 736.
Arayt, (1) ordered, equipped, 1146; arayd, 3441; (2) araid, afflicted, 3268.

Aras, to pull up or out, 240. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "esrachier."
Arest, (1) halt, delay, 677, 3306, 3070. Fr. Lancelot, "sans arest"; (2) legal restraint, 915.
Artilȝery, munitions of war, 2536.
Assay, *sb.* an attack, 35, 536, 2660.
Assay, *v.* (1) to attack, 2068; assaith, 1267; assayt, 2639; (2) to try, test, 981, 1263, 2934, 3091; assey, 478.
Assaill, *sb.* assault, 854; assall, 841.
Assaill, *v.* attack, 1110; assalzeing, 3383.
Assemblit, *v.* (with on or upon), attacked. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "assambla a," with same meaning, 2598; assemblyng, 2954.
Assemblay, *sb.* (1) meeting, assembly, 267; (2) warlike meeting, battle, assemble, 954, 1119; assemblee, 929, 2271. Transl. of "l'assemblee" of Fr. Lancelot.
Astart, *v.* start up, escape, 228, 1008, 1136, 2394, 3294.
At, that (occurs about ten times), 398, 1018, 1197, &c.
Atonis, at once, 1761.
Atour, over (of place) 840, 848, 872; besides, 1773.
Atte, at the, 626, 1054.
Aw, ought, 3445.
Awaill, avail, help, 800.
Awant, *sb.* a boast, 2134.
Awant, *v.* to boast, avaunt, 1587, 1814, 2194, 2384. Fr. Lancelot, "se vanter."
Awodith, drives away, 2472.
Awyſs, advise, consult, 429, 1911; awyſsit, 2847, 2983, 3205.
Awyſsment, consideration, 360, 679.
Ay, ever, 90, 1134, 1488.

Bachleris, young knights, 1687. Transl. of "bacheler" in Fr. Lancelot.
Bartes, a parapet on a fortress, 2895; bartiis, 3039; bertes, 1006, 1117, 2813; bretis, 873. Transl. of "la bertesque" in Fr. Lancelot.
Batellis, battalions, divisions of an army, 791. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "batailles."
Be, by.
Beforn, before, 1210, 2234.
Behufis, behoves, is incumbent on, 578; behuſs, 2340; behouit, 1137; behwſs (with nominative of person), 943.
Beleif, either believe=trust, or beleve =abandon, 112.
Berde, "in the berde"=in the front, face to face, 808, 3469.
Bent, a plain or heath, 2668.
Besen, furnished, adorned, 45.
Bet, better, 3098.
Betak, entrust, 1722.
Billis, letters, documents, 142.
Blythfull, joyous, 998.
Bot, (1) but; (2) without (a few times).
But, usually=without, a few times in modern sense.
Bown, ready, 1035.
Burdis, boards, table, 2196.
Byhecht, promised, 2789; byhicht, 1484.
Byknow, aware, 1626.
Byleft, abandoned, left, 1378.

Can, (1) followed by *infin.* with or without *to*=did, 158, 1174, 28, 36, 79, &c., &c.; (2) modern usage= am able, 125.
Couth, (1) did, 822; (2) could, 228, 792.
Careldis, carols, merry-makings, 1317.
Catifis, miserable creatures, 2100. Transl. of "les chaitis" of Fr. Lancelot.
Charge, *v.* (1) to command, 135, 188, &c.; (2) regard, give attention to, 709, 1309, 2452; (3) to strike, or spur on, 3396. Fr. Lancelot, "carge de ses colps."
Chare, chariot, 4.
Chariot, a cart or wagon, 734. Transl. of "caretes" in Fr. Lancelot.
Cher, a cart or wagon, 734. Transl. of "cars" in Fr. Lancelot.
Cheif, foremost; possibly with peculiarly Sc. sense of intimate; "are chief with thee," 1362.
Chere, aspect, manner, 83, 341, 694, 2716. Fr. Lancelot, "malvaise, chiere."
Cheſs, choose, 1610, 1635, 2366; chesit, 2214.
Clep, (1) call=cry, summon, 99; clepith, 90; clepit, 780, 3019; (2) call = name; clepith, 109; clepit, 93, 201, 1063.
Clergy, (1) learning, 504, 511, 2039; (2) members of the clergy, clerks, 401.
Colde, *v.* make cold, 1832.
Cold, *v.* called, named, 752, 1578.
Com, *sb.* coming, 1296, 2522.

Command, *sb.* 611 911, 2746, 3400. (Apparently in common use as a substantive in Scottish writers, earlier than in English. See N.E.D.) In Fr. Lancelot, *sb.* usually "commandement," but "le commant" occurs at least once.

Command, *v.* commend, 2800. Fr. Lancelot, "commander" = commend.

Comprochit, approaches, 2470, 2507.

Conclusit, concluded, 1259.

Concorde, *v.* to arrange by agreement, 308.

Confluens, an assemblage, 303, 1516.

Compilour, author, 319.

Conquest, conquered, 555, 573, 1063 (but "conquerit" also found). Fr. Lancelot, *pa. ppl.* "conquis."

Consait, conceit = mental capacity, 208.

Conserf, preserve, keep, 2233; conservyt, 332, 1971.

Conten, (1) contain, 200; (2) keep, hold (a law), 1637; (3) bear oneself. Transl. of "contenir" in Fr. Lancelot, with same meaning, 822, 1106, 1129, 3189; contenit, 2632, 3217; (4) either continued (Sc. use of conten), or same as (3), 3188, 3201.

Continans, bearing, 1749; contynans, 1691, 2461. Fr. Lancelot, "contenance" and "contenement."

Contrar, *prep.* against, 2641; contrare, 657, 2141; into his contrare = against him, 1559.

Counter, *sb.* encounter, 3237.

Cowardy, cowardice, 1022, 3285.

Cownterit, encountered, 2607, 2619. Transl. of "encontra" in Fr. Lancelot; also encounterit, 3260.

Creatwre, creator, 97.

Crownel, coronal, 59.

Cuning, skill, knowledge, 182, 212, 1454.

Cure, (1) care, charge, 1130, 1891; cwre, 266, 642; (2) cure, healing, 2078; cwre, 98, 117; cwris, 2066.

Cusynes, cousin, kinswoman, 2285; cwsynes, 1184; cussynece, 2800; cusynace, 1269.

Danger, power to punish or injure, 444, 3004.

Dangerit, endangered, 3248.

Dant, daunt, 1813.

Ded, *sb.* death, 3302; dede, 90.

Deden, Sc. form of deign, 948; dedenyt, 240.

Defalt, neglect, mistake, failure, 3209, 1504, 1350.

Degest, *ppl. adj.* fixed, settled, 1425.

Delitable, delightful, 1736. Fr. Lancelot, "delitable."

Deliver, quick, active, 3132; deliverly, quickly, nimbly, 3087, 3132. Fr. Lancelot, "delivre," quick, ready.

Demande, *sb.* demur, 191, 397, 3050, 3352. Rare word, pecul. Sc., used by Douglas, Palice of Honour, Part 2, stanza 45—

"There was na stopping, lang demand, nor pleid."

See Introduction.

Depart, part, 3419; departit, 3401. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "departir."

Depaynt, painted, coloured, 46, 1701.

Depend, (1) appertain to, 466; (2) expend, spend, 214.

Deren, *v.* claim, vindicate a claim, 2374.

Dereyne, *sb.* a combat in maintenance of a right; "o dereyne ydoo," 2311, a transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "querele desraisnier."

Des, dais, high table, 2760. Fr. Lancelot, "dois."

Deuit, a difficult word, prob. a verb formed from *due*, with sense of befitted, or owed; "it deuit me" = "I owed it to myself." N.E.D. has quotation from Holinshed, "for deuit and postponit justice to our lieges," with a similar verb; and also from Drayton, Odes VI., 16—"when it him deweth."

Devith, deafen, 92; dewith, 94.

Dewyß, *sb.* design, choice, 2778. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "quanque vous deviseres."

Dewyß, *v.* (1) appoint, arrange, 783, &c.; dewyßit, 972, &c. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "deviser," with same meaning; (2) tell, recount, 373, 691. Fr. Lancelot, "le contes devisera."

Devoydit, departed, 1030; dewod, rid, devoid, 1021.

Dewidith = divide, or = devoid, in sense of depart, as above, 1800.

Discharge, (1) get rid of an obligation, exempt, 163; (2) get rid of an obligation by fulfilling it, 1664.

Discumfit, *v.* defeat, 3000. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "desconfist."

Discumfitour, *sb.* defeat, 829. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "descomfiture."

Diseß, unrest, distress, 706.
Disherist, disinherited, 1448. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "desiretee."
Disiont, in a difficult position, 2905.
Dispend, spend (time), 3117; (riches), 2456; dispendit (riches), 1816; dispent (rewardis), distributed, dispensed, 2448. Fr. Lancelot, "despendre."
Dispens, expenditure, outlay, 1744. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "despense."
Dispone (chiefly Sc.), dispose, arrange, incline, 979, 1589, 1690, &c. (used at least 12 times).
Distrublit, disturbed, 1291.
Dout, *sb.* fear, 2597, 3402, 3436.
Dout, *v.* to fear, 739, 1825. Fr. Lancelot, "douter," to fear.
Dredful, full of fear, 479.
Drent, drowned, overwhelmed, 1318.
Dress, to direct a course, 1973, 2286, 2484. Fr. Lancelot, "adreche."

Effece, effect, worth, 140; affek, 382.
Effere. See Affere. In l. 2358= pomp, dignity. J. gives meaning as "what is becoming to one's rank or station."
Eft, after, 315.
Ek, also, 35, 165, 181, 216, &c., &c.
Eld, old age, 3223, 3240.
Eme, uncle, 2570.
Empit, emptied, 180.
Empleß, please, 2453.
Empriß, *sb.* (1) glory, renown, 129, 269, 3456; (2) pre-occupation, 393. Fr. Lancelot has "empris"=undertaken, "il lavoit empris a querre," but the equivalent of empriß (1) is "pris," cp. "conquere los et pris."
Enarmyt. See Anarmyt.
Endit, *sb.* composition, poem, 334.
Endit, *v.* indite, 206.
Endlong, along, 2891.
Entent, intention, thought, 657, 1450, 2168, 2305, &c.
Entermet, have to do with, interfere, 2912. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "entremetre."
Eschef, (1) achieve, 2228, 2511; escheuit, 258, 2996. Transl. of "a chief mener" or of "achever" in Fr. Lancelot; (2) eschew, escape, 3473. Fr. Lancelot, "eskieue." "Deith eschef," (2730)= escape death, transl. of "gariroit moult bien"; eschef (2210) might be either achieve or escape.
Essenȝeis, battle-cries, 3347. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "l'enseingne."
Exaltate, exalted, 2549.
Exasy, ecstasy, 76.
Exort, entreat, urge, 2319, 2097; exortith, 3024.
Express, *adv.* clearly, 386.

Fairhed, beauty, 576; farhed, 2438.
Fantessy, delusion, 2326.
Fayndit, dissembled, 2395.
Feill, Sc. or N. knowledge, 2852.
Fek, Sc. effect, gist, purport, 2936.
Fell, *v.* feel, 2129, 2602; fellith, 3366.
Fell, many, 767.
Fell, dreadful, destructive, 260. Fr. Lancelot, "fel."
Fellit, *v.* struck down, 3297. In line 819, fell may be either=feel, or= strike down.
Ferleit, wondered, 3115.
Fet, to fetch, 1684; be fetched, 2255; fetched, 1153.
Fongith, seizeth, 1920.
Forfare, perish, 1347.
Forß, 'o forß'=perforce. Fr. Lancelot, "a forche."
Forlorn, lost, 3303.
Forthi, therefore, 2259, 2729; forthy, 332.
Found, went, made towards, 2610.
Fra, from, 218, 1373; fro, 248, 91.
Franchis, nobility, 230.
Fremmytneß, strangeness, coldness, 1507.
Fruschit, shattered, 1200.
Furth. Frequently joined to a verb to express continuity of action, as "kep . . . furth," 1668, 1970, 3213.
Fyne, *sb.* end, 1387.
Fyne, *v.* end, 2079.
Fyne, (?) completely, 519.

Gan, usually=can, in the sense of did, but occasionally=began, 59, 1134, 1149, 1168.
Ganith, is suitable, 121, 990.
Gar, cause, 473, 909, 1684, 2414; gart, 267, 1153, &c.; gert, 384, &c.
Gentilleß, courtesy, 916, 1845. Fr. Lancelot, "gentilleche."
Gentrice, nobility, courtesy, 2755, 130; gentriß, 2788, 3051.
Gere, armour, accoutrements, 2775.
Gif, Sc. and N. if, 118, 2723.
Gilt, been guilty of, offended, 698, 3013.

Gladdith, rejoices, 331.
Gladschip, gladness, 2759.
Grant mercy, 2263, transl. of "grans mercis" in Fr. Lancelot.
Gyß, guise, usual manner, 544. Fr. Lancelot, "guise."

Habariowne, habergeon, 2887; habirioune, 3378. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "haubergon."
Halmys, helmets, 2248; helm, 1199. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "hiaume."
Hals, neck, 1053.
Hant, use, practise habitually, 2193; haunt, 724; hawnt, 3416; hawntis, 2770. Fr. Lancelot, "hanter," to use.
Hardement, courage, daring, 3346, 800; hardyment, 899, 2667, 3360. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "hardement."
Hawbrek, hauberk, 1069, 1199; hawbryk, 3110. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "hauberc."
Hecht, (1) N. form of hight, is called, named, 2138, 2288; (2) promised, 1141; promise, 3099.
Ho, pause, stop, 2968.
Hold, *pa. ppl.* held, esteemed, 1705, 2354.
Hore, hair, 365.
Hot, named, is named, 805, 753, 1948.
Howis, lingers, tarries, usually on horseback, 2840; houit, 995; howith, 2827; howit, 2840; howyns, 2819; hufyng, 1045.

I, a prefix to past participles. Iclosit, 53; Ibrocht, 278; Iwond, 245; Iwondit, 226.
If, to give. There are at least seven spellings of this word in the text, including if, iffith, ȝewith, gifyne, geif, yeif, yef.
Ilk, (1) same, 1600, 1668, 1366; (2) each, 2209.
Ill-paid, ill pleased, 907.
In to=in; used continually, "after 1400 characteristically Scottish," N.E.D.
Incontinent, immediately, 253, 1214, 2645, 2832; in-to-contynent, 3018.
Iniure, *sb.* injury, 1355.
Irk, *v.* weary, 2707.
Iuperty, daring exploit, 2545.
Iustefy, to administer justice, 1890.
Iwyß, certainly, 1707, 1923, 1936, 2314.

Kend, known, 547, 905.
Kep, *sb.* in phrase "tak kep"=heed, 389.

Laif, Sc. the remainder, the rest, 1800, 3470.
Lametable, lamentable, 3263; lemytable, 2716; lementable, 1434.
Last, laced, 2580.
Larges, liberality, 607, 1679; largeß, 1748. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "largueche."
Lat, *sb.* let, hindrance, 957.
Latith, prevents, 1925.
Lat, *v.* let, allow, 294, 127, 802.
Led, *pa. ppl.* of lay=cast down, humbled, 2661.
Leful, permissible, 1426.
Leich, physician, 106, 2008; liche, 520; lech, 2054.
Leir, learn, 1991.
Lest, *v.* list, please, 554, 2211. In l. 620 either=list or=last.
Lest, *v.* last, endure, 810.
Liging, lying, 376.
Longith, belongeth, 737, 1714, 1919, 2427, 2776.
Lorn, lost, doomed to destruction, 2090, 2738.
Loß, praise, 1775. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "los."
Low, (1) love; (2) law.
Luges, tents, huts, 873, 880; lugis, 2498, 2678; lugyne, 890. Fr. Lancelot, "loges."
Lust, happiness, 1003.
Lyt, little; alyt, 1222; at lyte, 143.

Ma, make, 952.
Magre, in spite of, 959, 2677, 2700; magre of, 500, 2709; "magre thine," 115. Fr. Lancelot, "malgre sien."
Matelent, ill-will, displeasure, 2167, 2658. Fr. Lancelot, "maltalent."
Medyre. See Mysour.
Meit, to dream, 363; met, 440.
Melle, battle, hand-to-hand conflict, 2617. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "mellee."
Memoratyve, pertaining to the memory; the phrase, "wit memoratyve," 1429, means the memory.
Men, tell, 510.
Menye, a body of retainers, a company, 750. Fr. Lancelot, "maisnie." Barbour uses the phrase "a few menȝhe," and also Stewart, Cron. Scot.

Meß, a meal, a course at a meal, 2162. Fr. Lancelot has "le premier mes" = the first course.
Misgyit, misguided, 1662.
Mo, more, 110, 1196, &c.
Mon, must, 645, 2335; mone, 565, 1386, 2392.
Mot, must, 188, 195, 314, 316, &c.
Mys, *sb.* wrong, fault, 1886, 1924, 1935, 3228.
Myschief, distress, injury, 3361; myschef, 2679, 1354. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "meschief."
Mysgone, *pa. ppl.* gone astray, erred, 1058; mys went, *pa. t.* and *pa. ppl.* 1319, 1958.
Mysour, *sb.* measure, 1828; mesyre (?), 1623.
Myster, need, 1875, 2320, 2388, 2413. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "mestiers."

Nat, naught, 702.
Ne, not, 39, 102, 1176, 3357.
Nece, nephew, 2198, 2243, 2718. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "nies" = nephew.
Nedlyngis, of necessity, 2335.
Nemmyt, named, declared, 648, 2850.
Neulyngis, anew, 36.
Newis, fists, 1221.
Nome, name, 225.
Nom, took, 1047; nome, 590.
Nonis, the nonis = the nonce, 1734.
Nor, Sc. = that not or but, 2228, 2350, 3176, 3333.
Not, *v.* know not, 522, 3142.
Noyith, annoys, troubles, 903; noyt, 471.
Nyß, foolish, 127; nyce, 1944.

O, a, an, or one.
Obeisand, adj. obedient, 640.
Obeß, *v.* obey, 2132.
Oft-syß, oftentimes, 2302, 2592, 2883, 2927; oft sys, 2787.
One = on or in; one to = unto.
Onys, once, 3011, 3185.
Or, ere, before, 617, 1233, 1885, 2543, 3011; or than = or, 394, 653.
Ordan, *v. inf.* prepare, arrange, ordain, 2414, 2775; ordanit, 2848, 2060; ordinyd, 704; ordinit, 1734; ordynat, 490. When referring to battle order, a translation of Fr. Lancelot, "ordener."
Ordand, *v. inf.* prepare, arrange, 783, 1711.
Oucht, *impers. v.* behoves, befits, 2993.
Our, over.
Ourfret, adorned, embroidered, 71, 2478.
Ourgo, to pass on or over, 294.
Out throng. See Throng.
Outragouß, excessive, extreme, 258. Fr. Lancelot, "outrageuse valor."
Owtray, injury, act of violence, 3452. Fr. Lancelot, "outrage."
Oyß, use, 1699.

Paid, ill paid = ill pleased, 907.
Paljonis, Sc. form pavilions, tents, 733; palzoune, 1304. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "pauellons."
Pasage, a passage of arms, 249.
Pens, think, 1430. Fr. Lancelot, "penser."
Planly, openly, 3317.
Perwert, perverse, 1470.
Plesance, pleasure, 940, 2278; plesans, 1750, 1937, "wordis of plesans," gracious, pleasant words, 2462. Fr. Lancelot, "plaisans."
Possede, possess, 577.
Prekand, spurring, riding, 3087. The "prekyne hat" in l. 2888 is not a riding hat, but a helmet with a "prick" or iron spike on it. See Introduction. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "capel de fer."
Pres, a throng in battle, the thick of the fight, 288, 3364; preß, 866, 871, 3398. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "la presse."
Pretend, aspire, endeavour, 3280, 3463; pretendis, 558; pretendit, 3448; pretendith, 582.
Process, *sb.* narration, story, 316.
Promyt, *v.* promise, 964. Fr. Lancelot, "pramet."
Propone, propose, put forward, 2459; proponit, 445, 361.
Pryß, to praise, commend, esteem, 1171, 2591, 3412; prysit, 2354. In Sc. and N. pryß is equivalent to both praise and prize, and translates such phrases in Fr. Lancelot as "proisies d'armes," "un de plus proisies chevaliers."
Purcheß, win, acquire, 3089, 3286. Fr. Lancelot, "porcachier."

Quh-, Qu-, Qwh-, Qu-, frequently used instead of *wh.*
Quhilk, which, who, 184; whilk, 465, 349, 554, 1555, 1578.
Quhill, until, 24, 66, 198, 315, &c.
Quhy, *sb.* reason, cause, 123, 1496; why, 1310, 2332.

Rachis, hunting-dogs, 531.
Radour, Sc. fear, 1833, 3463; radur, 1488; raddour, 2131.
Rak, reck, 1309, 1829.
Ramed, remedy, 117; remede, 89; remed, 717.
Randoune, properly a swift course, a straight course, but apparently sometimes separated from the idea of motion, as here, and equivalent to "in a line," whether straight or curved, 2540. Cp. Barbour, Bk. xviii. l. 128—

"The cawse (*i.e.*, causeway)
That wes betuix them and the toune
That strekit lang in a randoune."

Ranson, ransom, 931; ransone, 922. Fr. Lancelot, "raenchon."
Recidens, "withouten recidens" = without delay, 2357; to "mak resydens" = to stay at a place, 669.
Recomfort, reassured, inspired with fresh courage, 3308. Fr. Lancelot, "reconfortes."
Recounterit, met, encountered, 2956. Fr. Lancelot, "rencontrer."
Record, *sb.* witness, testimony, 388.
Recorde, hard recorde = heard mention, 121, 594; recorde = declare, 454, 481; recordith, befits (?), 605. (The rhymes in ll. 604 and 605 should perhaps be exchanged.)
Recourß, return, 1796.
Red, advise, 1026, 1197, 2515, 2771.
Rekith, N. form of reach, 1651.
Remed. See Ramed.
Report, rumour, 776, 939.
Repreſe, blame, ignominy, 763; repreve, 1251.
Reput, *pa. t.* reputed, considered, 742; *pres. t.* ruput, 1240.
Resput, *v.* respite, 1161.
Reweyll, "Harwy the reweyll" = Fr. Lancelot, "Hervi de riuel."
Rigne, *sb.* kingdom, 94, 1526; ring, 1467; ringe, 1324; ringne, 1950; rygnis, 1902; ryngne, 1471; rignis, 1856. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "li regnes."
Ringe, *v.* to reign, 2128; ryng, 1408; rignis, 1823; rignith, 781.
Rout, a company, troop, 811, 2954, 3401; rowt, 2598; usually a transl. of "conroi."
Rowmyth, clears, empties, 3388.

Salosing, *sb.* greeting, 1308.
Salust (Sc. and N.) *pa. t.* saluted, 545, 918, 1552, 2747.
Samyne, N. form of same, 440, 2777, 2809.
Sauch, N. form of saw, 816, 1218, 1224, 2197.
Schent, destroyed, 1878.
Schrewis, worthless persons, 1986; screwis, 1052.
Schrewit, cursed, 1943.
Scilla, a bird, a lark, 2481. Scylla, daughter of Nisus, was transformed into a bird.
Sedulis, writings, 142.
Sege, a seat, 2256. Fr. Lancelot, "siege."
Semble, assembly, 987, 2204.
Semblit, assembled, 844.
Semblyng, attacking, encountering, 2949. See Assemblying.
Sen, since, 164, 485, 708, 799, &c.
Sere, several, various, 593, 730, 1342, 2165, 2532.
Set, although, 99, 140, 207, 625, &c.
Sew, follow, 2324, 3143; sewyt, 2612. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "sieut."
Sic, such, 559; sice, 2113; sich, 32, 54, &c.
Snybbyth, checks, hinders, 3385.
Socht, went, advanced, 847, 2617, 2976, 3177, 3426; soght, 3289; soght on, 3147, 3309.
Sor, either *adj.* = sad, or *sb.* = sorrow, 74.
Sort, a company, 932; sorte, 813.
Sort, lot, fate, 26.
Soundith, tends, 149, 1809, 1941. A very pronounced Chaucerian appropriation, for the word is unknown in Sc. texts. See Introduction.
Souerte, guarantee, surety, 2386. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "seurte."
Speciall, *adj.* intimate, confidential, 411, 1185; *adv.* 905.
Spent, fastened, M.E. spennan, to fasten, 2807.
Spere, *sb.* sphere, 6; spir, 170; speris, 24.
Spere, *v.* ask, 1169.
Spill, destroy, 1988.
Stak, prob. "to the stak" = to the hilt, 226. Jamieson has stok, the stock of an anchor or a gun. Douglas uses *v.* stok to convey idea of thrusting violently. Cp. Æn.—

"For so Eneas stokkis his stiff brand
Throw out the youngkere hard up tyl his hand."

Stant, stands, 190, 326, 504.
Sted, place, 1123; stede, 218.
Stek, shut, 316; stekith, 1650.
Steir, *v.* stir, 816; sterith, 2827.
Stell, *sb.* = steel, 808, or perhaps = Sc. steill or staill, a part of an army, a body of troops.
Stere, *sb.* helm, hence = control, guidance, 1972, and = guide, controller, 1019.
Stere, *v.* guide, control, 2882; sterith, 2102; sterit, 611, 1343; stere = direct a course, 3428.
Sterf, die, 1027.
Stour, conflict, fight, 1107, 2605, 3122. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "estors."
Strait, narrow, 534.
Straucht, straight, 847, 3349.
Strek, stretch, 1898; strekith, 3080.
Suppone, (chiefly Sc.) suppose, 2228.
Suppos, although, 1069, 2431, 2516, &c.
Suppris, *sb.* (1) an overwhelming force, 859, 2649; (2) oppression, 690, 1351, 3477.
Supprisit, overwhelmed, suddenly overtaken, 1236, 1281, 2703, 3123, 3206. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "sousprise," cp. "supprisit with o thocht" = "sousprise de folie."
Swelf, a gulf, whirlpool, 1317.
Sweuen, a dream, 440.
Syne, afterwards, 45, 520, 2740, &c.
Syß, times, 3052.

Tak, take, 167, 146, *pa. ppl.* takin, 172; tak, 157, 219, 225; tane, 264; ton, 1053, 1070, 1495; tone, 475; *pres. t.* tais, 1094, 3003; taiis, 1140.
Ten, teen, vexation, 2644, 3235.
Tennandis, vassals, liegemen, 1727.
Than, then, 429, 966, &c.
The, (1) they; (2) thy; (3) thee.
Thelke, that, the same, 708.
Ther, these, 1860; thir, 142, 803, &c.
There = where, 1495.
Thithingis, tidings, 2277; tithingis, 901, 2334; tithandis, 2308.
Tho, then, 544, 2219.
Tho, them or those, 2366.
Thoore, there, 627; thore, 233, 825, 889, 1101.
Throng, *adj.* crowded, 3364; *v.* out throng = burst forth, 65.
Til, to.
Tint. See Tyne.
Tithandis. See Thithingis.
To, intensive prefix attached to verbs, to-kerwith, 867; to-shent, 1220; to-hurt, 1220; to-rent, 1221. The *to* is not joined to the verb in the MS.
Ton. See Tak.
Ton, the ton = that one, 1820.
Tothir, the other, 2534; toyer, 2569, 2582.
Traisting, *sb.* trust, confidence, 25.
Translait, (1) translate (modern sense), 211; (2) take away, remove; translat, 508; transulat, 2202.
Trauell, toil, hardship, 310, 175; trawel, 273; trauel, 2226.
Trety, treatise, 145.
Tratory, treachery, 3222.
Trewis, truce, 1567, 1572, 2486, 2543. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "trieues."
Tronsioune, the shaft of a spear, 239; trunscyoune, 2960. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "tronchons." Trownsciown, l. 2888 = a short heavy staff. Transl. of Fr. Lancelot, "baston gros et court."
Tyne, lose, 1257, 1386, 2514, 3460; tynith, 1759; tynt, 175, 1383, 1520.

Unwist, unknown, 1139; wnwist, 269, 658; wnwyst, 219.

Valis, descends, 2473 (shortened form of avale), used in 'Kingis Quair,' also in Henry's 'Wallace' (1570 copy)—

"The donk dew doun fra the hevin did vaill."

Fr. Lancelot, "avaler," to descend.
Valkyne, waken, 8; walkin, 1238.
Vall, a wave, 1316.
Varand, *sb.* warrant, surety.
Vassolage, deed of valour, valour, 257, 2722; wassolage, 2706; Fr. Lancelot, "vasselage."
Vere, doubt, 1114. See Were.
Very, weary, 1165.
Vicht, person, 10, 55, 67; wicht, 131; wight, 1183.
Virsling, wrestling, struggling, 3382.
Vityng, *inf.* to know, 410.
Vncouth, strange, unknown, 1732; wnkouth, 146, 197.
Vpwarpith, drawn up, raised, 63.
Vyre, arrow for a cross-bow, 1091; wyre, 3288.
Vysagis, "the Vysagis of the earth" = the face of the earth, 1373.

Walkin. See Valkyne.
Ward, a division of an army, an army, 3182. A.S. weored, a host. Gavin Douglas uses the word, Æn. Bk. XI. ch. xiv. l. 11—

> ". . . The wardis all of every nation . . . tystis to fecht."

See Introduction.
Wassolage. See Vassolage.
Wat, know, 512; wot, 77, 97, 192, &c.
Wawasouris, vavasours, vassals of inferior rank, 1727. Transl. Fr. Lancelot, "vauassors."
Wend, *v.* to go, 2189.
Wend, *v.* thought, 1555, 3479.
Wentail, ventail, the part of the helmet which admits the air, 1055.
Were, *sb.* war.
Were, *sb.* doubt, apprehension, 84, 443, 911, 2687.
Were, worse, 1928.
Wering, weary, 58.
Weyne, but weyne = without doubt, 2878.
Whill, until, 1135, 572.
Why. See Quhy.
Wicht, *sb.* See Vicht.
Wicht, *adj.* strong, powerful, 247; wycht, 2590.
Wit, *sb.* information, tidings, 2502.
Wit, *v.* to know, 268.
Withouten, without, 397; vithoutine, 25.
With-thy, provided that, 960.
Wnkouth. See Vncouth.
Wnwist. See Unwist.
Wnwemmyt, unspotted, undefiled, 2095.
Wod, mad, furious, 3438, 3332; woid, 2693.
Wond, wand, rod of office, 1889; wonde, 1600.
Wondir, *adj.* wonderful, 80; *adv.* wonderfully, very, 558.
Wonk, winked, 1057.
Wonne, dwell, 2044.
Worschip, honour, renown, 1157, 1163.
Wox, voice, 13.
Wy, man, person, 2354.
Wyre. See Vyre.
Wys, vice, 1793; wysis, 1539.
Wyſs, wise man, 171.

Y, pronoun I.
Y-, prefix to *pa. ppl.* y-clepit (called), 414; y-grave (buried), 1798; y-statut (appointed), 2527. Used about 20 times, including the wrong use in y-smytith.
Y-, at beginning of word instead of a or e; y-mong, y-doune, yneuch, ydoo.
Yer, year, 609; yher, 2062; yhere, 1575. (In l. 1575, "by the yhere" = Fr. Lancelot, "au chief de l'an.")
Yis, yes, 514.
Yis, this, 160, 328.
Yone, yonder, that, 759.
Ywyſs. See Iwyſs.

ʒeme, keep, guard, 664.
ʒere, year, 342; zerys, 23, 1431.
ʒha, yea, 2841.
ʒhe, ye, 920.
ʒhing, young, 2866.
ʒhis, yes, 1396; ʒis, 3404.
ʒhit, yet, 100; zit, 583.
ʒhone, yonder, that, 3006; zhon, 2287; zone, 660.
ʒhouthhed, youth, 2770.
ʒolde, yielded, 291, 380, 950, 1087.
ʒow, you, 500.

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